

SAINT PAULS.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD, A STORY OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOX AND THE CROWS.

EARLY in my first chapter I announced that this tale would deal with the fortunes of very humble and obscure individuals. But, inasmuch as the fortunes of the most insignificant personages are linked inextricably with those of the high and powerful, whose doings history delights to chronicle, it fell out that certain great questions which began to agitate Europe about the period of which I write, had a very considerable influence on the lives of the little group of persons who figure in my story. Storms which make the deep seas upheave, also ruffle the rivulets.

Times were coming when it grew necessary to take sides on the great questions affecting Germany; when even silence might be construed into an expression of opinion; and when the most cautious found themselves compelled to abandon their attitude of neutrality.

A man may say, "I am resolved to go straight onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left," and so long as the path shall be straight and even beneath his feet, he can do so. But one fine day he arrives at a point where the one road divides into two roads, stretching away on either hand, and diverging ever more widely one from the other. What is to be done then? In front, proceeding straight onward, there is nothing but a stone wall, or may be a duck-pond, dull, muddy, and stagnant. If he would not assert his principles by ending his days in the duck-pond, or knocking his head against the stone wall, the man must choose either the right-hand path or the left-hand path.

Now, in Detmold, people began to have glimpses of the duck-pond at the end of their political vista. There were some folks, better

educated than old Simon Schnarcher the sacristan, but perhaps not greatly more enlightened, who would have counselled avoiding the dilemma by the simple expedient of going back again to the place whence they started. "If you go on," said these wiseacres, "you certainly must choose the right-hand path or the left-hand path, or else be stifled in the duck-pond. That is true. But why go on?"

Very often people were unable to answer why. But they mostly felt the necessity.

To the tiny community at Horn, however, the condition of European politics was, with very few exceptions, a matter of profound indifference. The echoes from the great noisy world penetrated thither but faintly. It is true that some distorted and diminished photographs of the more important doings of the time were presented to them in their local newspapers. They descried, from a distance, kings and kaisers, princes and potentates, moving hither and thither, troops advanced and withdrawn, and a kind of general running the hays and changing of places. But they were as a deaf man who looks on at a dance. They saw the bustle and movement, indeed, but had no inkling of the music which regulates the figure.

In the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb, at Horn, there is warmth and good cheer at the usual supper-hour,—that is to say, about half-past seven o'clock. It is more than a month ago since that September night when the reader was first introduced to Quendel's hostelry, but nearly the same company is assembled within it as on that former occasion. Simon Schnarcher is there, and Peters, and the fat host. There are, too, a few tradesmen and farmers, old habitués of the place. But Franz Lehmann is not present, nor the commercial traveller, whose temerity in defying the sacristan is remembered, and still occasionally discussed among them with great gusto. At this present moment, however, the serious business of eating and drinking is occupying the faculties of the company. The night without is very dark and cold. In the Speise-Saal it is light and warm. The lingering odour of tobacco is still there, but the atmosphere is clear from the thick clouds that sometimes obscure it. They will arise by-and-by. For the present, the steam of hot meats ascends unmingled from the table; for, even by a German, the operations of supping and smoking cannot conveniently be performed together. The one waiter, assisted by a stout kitchen-maid, has been attending to the wants of the guests, but now there comes a lull in his labours. All are served, and the waiter sits down alone at a side-table to enjoy his own portion of the food.

After a while, Herr Quendel, sitting at the head of the board, wipes his mouth with his napkin, pushes his chair heavily back towards the stove, takes from his pocket a very attenuated cigar, and holds it over his shoulder without turning his head. Johann, the waiter, jumps

up, brings a lighted candle in a little, quaint, old-fashioned brass candlestick, and sets fire to the attenuated cigar. Forthwith every man in the room pulls out either a meerschaum or a cigar; they are lighted, all the chairs are pushed back, scraping noisily over the sanded floor, and a semicircle is formed in front of the stove, of which semicircle, the landlord's chair, on one side, and Simon Schnarcher's on the other, are the points nearest to the fire. A smaller table is set before the guests, so that each man may have his tankard of beer at hand, without the trouble of turning to reach it, and all is made snug and comfortable.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Peters, drawing a long breath, and stretching his legs out before him enjoyingly. "Well, to be sure; it's wonderful times we live in!"

Quendel grunted. The rest puffed thoughtfully at their pipes and cigars. Only old Schnarcher turned his bright sunken eyes watchfully on Peters, with the expression of one who lies in wait.

"I've been reading, to-day," went on the apothecary, "an account of the Atlantic telegraph cable. Now, you know what that is?"

A silence. Quendel nodded ambiguously. Old Schnarcher put forth his hand and took a draught of beer, without removing his eyes from Peters' face. The latter proceeded.

"A great wire laid right through the sea,—through the deep, deep sea, meine Herren,—from Europe to America. Wonderful times, wonderful times!"

"I don't see that there's anything so wonderful in dropping a wire into the sea," observed Quendel, in his deepest bass. "If the wire was only long enough, you might twist it all round the world, I suppose."

"And what's the good when you've done it?" asked a horse-faced man, who was proprietor of the general shop in Horn.

"The good? Why only think of the science, the enlightenment, the progress——"

The word was scarcely out of his mouth when Schnarcher,—morally,—pounced on him with such suddenness as to startle the circle. It was the opportunity for which he had been lying in wait.

"Progress, forsooth! Ay, ay! that's what you're after, is it? You and your friend, the commercial gentleman, who talked so big here the other night——"

"He's no friend of mine," protested Peters, "I never saw the man in my life before."

"You and your friend,—that's what you were both driving at," repeated the sacristan, doggedly. "And a nice down-hill drive you'd make of it, if there wasn't some older and wiser folks to put the drag on a bit, and pull at the reins."

The illustration was received with many approving words, and one or two murmurs of "Ja so!" "Ganz richtig, Herr Küster."

"I want to hear nothing of your wires and rubbish," snarled the sacristan, on whom the effect of his friends' encouraging approval appeared to be the exacerbation of his contentious humour; "I won't hear of 'em, and I don't believe in 'em."

"Well, but that don't alter the facts, you know," retorted Peters, returning to the charge with a certain mild persistence.

"Ay, ay, ay," rasped out Quendel, solemnly rolling his head from side to side, "I don't know that, Herr Peters,—I don't know that. Herr Schnarcher hasn't been sacristan here for more than forty years without knowing pretty well what to believe in."

At this moment a stumbling step was heard in the passage leading from the street to the interior of the inn, and some one bumped heavily against the door of the Speise-Saal.

"Johann!" called out the landlord, whose senses were by no means too sluggish to be instantly alive to the prospect of a customer: "Johann! Go with a light. See who is there. Is there no lamp in the passage? Donnerwetter, don't leave the guests to tumble about in the dark!"

"There never is a lamp in the passage now after supper-time!" said the waiter, hurrying to the door with the little brass candlestick in his hand. "Who's likely to be coming at this hour of an October night?" As he spoke, he opened the door of the Speise-Saal, and admitted a stranger, whose advent caused a shudder to run round the assembly. Let me hasten to explain that the shudder was in nowise due to anything horrible or threatening in the appearance of the new-comer; on the contrary, he was a very quiet and peaceable-looking old gentleman, wrapped up in a loose great-coat, and with a white knitted comforter wound round his throat. But he brought in with him so great a quantity of the outer air,—which was by this time very bleak and piercing,—as to make the denizens of the hot, close room shiver. And, besides, he looked pinched and nipped with the cold.

"Can I have a bed here?" he asked blinking round the room. His eyes were dazzled by coming from the darkness without, into the comparatively bright Speise-Saal.

"Surely, surely, sir," replied the landlord, rising from his arm-chair with as much alacrity as his ponderous size permitted. "Johann! Take the gentleman's coat. Have you any luggage, sir?"

"Not more than I carry in my hand," said the stranger, showing a very shabby black leather bag, whose contents had been rammed into it so tightly as to make it bulge out in an ungainly fashion.

"Oh," said Quendel, sitting down again in his chair. Travellers were by no means plentiful at the Pied Lamb, but they had not yet become so rare that such attentions as the waiter could bestow unassisted did not, in Herr Quendel's opinion, amply suffice to do honour to a guest who carried no luggage beyond a shabby black leather bag.

The stranger perhaps perceived something of what was passing in his

host's mind, for when Johann had relieved him of his outer coat, he pulled from his breast pocket a massive gold snuff-box, and took a pinch from it so noisily as to ensure the observation of all present. Then he ordered a fire to be lighted in his chamber, and desired that some supper should be got ready with as little delay as might be. "And, Kellner," said he, in a subdued voice that yet was so distinct as to be quite audible to every one in the room, "give me a bottle of the best wine you have. I am cold and tired."

Then he followed the stout servant-woman out of the Speise-Saal, saying that he would go and look at his room.

"Number five, Marie," called out Quendel. "The yellow bed-room."

"The Herr came on foot," observed Johann, busily spreading a clean napkin over one end of the table-cloth, and laying a plate, knife, and fork on it.

"I know that, sir," said Quendel with severity; "I know he came on foot, but he's going to have the yellow bed-room all the same. I haven't been an innkeeper for five-and-twenty years without knowing a gentleman when I see him!"

It was clear, at all events, that the host knew a gold snuff-box when he saw it.

"I wonder who he is!" said the horse-faced man. Every one else wondered who he was.

"I understand there's a new land-steward for the Prince's Detmold property, appointed to fill old Bopp's place," said Peters. "It may be this is the gentleman."

"Bah!" cried Schnarcher. "Nothing of the kind. The new land-steward is a major,—I forget the name. But that doesn't look much like a military man, does it?" And the old sacristan jerked his thumb upward in the direction of the yellow bed-room.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Apothecary," said Quendel reprovingly, "that his most gracious highness's land-steward,—his representative almost I may say,—would come prowling in among us for the first time after dark, and a-foot? You surprise me."

Every one was surprised. It seemed to be the cue, ever since the memorable evening of the commercial traveller, to fall foul of Peters and to consider him a dangerous speaker, whose hand was against every man in their society. No one really thought he was so, unless it might be old Schnarcher, whose opinion of his old friend had recently been much lowered by the apothecary having developed a tendency to favour modern theories on various subjects. But the company at the Pied Lamb, speaking generally, enjoyed the gentle excitement of having a victim in common. It promoted good fellowship, and was pleasant for everybody,—except the victim; and even he did not suffer much, for, save when the sacristan grew extraordinarily venomous, Peters was mostly placidly unconscious of his own victimhood.

"Well, Herr Landlord," returned the apothecary, "you said yourself that the traveller looked like a gentleman. So he might have been the Prince's representative. And, at all events, there is no disrespect to his highness in saying so!"

The host was about to give utterance to some rejoinder, when the subject of the discussion returned to the Speise-Saal, and a solemn and unnatural silence fell upon the company. They moved their chairs somewhat, so as to give the new-comer the benefit of the stove's heat, as he sat at his supper; a courtesy which the stranger acknowledged by a silent bend of his head. It was a bald head, very round and yellow, and he thrust it out of his cravat, and then drew it in again, in a way that the reader will perhaps recognise as belonging to a person with whom he has already made some acquaintance. For some time the old habitués of the Pied Lamb remained with closed lips, furtively glancing at the unknown guest. But the latter was very quiet,—“mouse-still,” as the Germans say. And even while he was yet discussing the viands set before him, he brought forth from the same capacious pocket that held the snuff-box, a well-worn note-book, bulky with papers, and laying it by the side of his plate, soon became seemingly absorbed in its contents.

Gradually the rest of the company resumed their talk. They would have liked to discuss the stranger, but as that was a luxury which must necessarily be deferred, inasmuch as it could not be enjoyed in his presence, they got back to the conversation which his arrival had interrupted. Still, very still, sat the stranger, and sipped his wine in silence. So still did he sit, and so silently did he sip, keeping his eyes on the worn note-book the while, that the others by degrees ceased to be conscious of his presence, and warmed into their talk unrestrainedly.

"Why, after all," said Peters,—of whose character, as has been stated, a certain mild persistence was a leading trait,—“after all, it isn't one thing much more than another. We can't shut our eyes to the great changes going on in the world. I read my newspaper regularly, and I can tell you, meine Herren, that scarcely a day passes without some new invention turning up that would have seemed just like *Kindermärchen*,—fairy tales,—to our grandfathers. And then in politics,—look at the foreign intelligence! Why everything is changing,—changing, in such a way that the geography books can't keep pace with the times.”

"Well, sir," said Quendel, "and what does all that matter to us? There's the mischief. We will be meddling instead of sitting still and minding our own business. Ain't we very well off here in Lippe-Dehmold?"

"Yes; certainly. But you see it will matter to us before very long, if it don't matter now. There's a movement taking place throughout Germany, that——"

But here the apothecary was interrupted by a chorus of loud and angry exclamations. What did Peters mean? Was he a revolutionist? A republican? A mad Studenten-Bursche? It was all very well to enjoy, like Goethe's burghers in "*Faust*," the spectacle of the folks knocking each other on the head "far away in Turkey;" but when it came near home,—when it came to one of themselves, an old inhabitant, a peaceful tradesman of Horn, talking about a "movement going on throughout Germany!"—Dear heaven! What would happen next? The temerity of the commercial traveller who had defied Schnarcher and alluded to the '48, was completely thrown into the shade. Peters looked quite scared at the storm he had raised.

"But," protested he feebly, "I said nothing about republics or revolutions. I was alluding to the growing power and influence of Prus——"

"Stop!" cried the landlord, authoritatively, letting his fat hand fall by its own weight on to the table in a way that made the glasses quiver, "stop there, Herr Peters. You've said enough, and more than enough. If any gentleman can't digest his supper without politics, there's a public-house across the street that may suit him. Anyway, the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb is not for such. I'm a man of few words, but what I say I mean."

There was profound silence for a few moments, and then the horse-faced man,—who had been peculiarly stolid all through,—remarked slowly that for his part he thought Herr Quendel was right, and that if they couldn't talk of anything better than politics they had better hold their tongues altogether, which latter mode of passing the time was, in his opinion,—when combined with due allowance of beer and tobacco,—a pleasant resource enough.

"Right, friend," said the landlord; "and I've known the day when five or six, or eight or ten, burghers could meet together socially, and not say as many words in an hour as folks now-a-days will let off in a minute. Ay, and be no worse company either!"

But, somehow, the result of persistently holding their tongues for some ten minutes failed in this instance to be as convivial and harmonising as might have been wished. Schnarcher's eyes, indeed, sparkled with spiteful gratification at the apothecary's discomfiture. But the others appeared to be a little oppressed and uneasy. At length one man stretched forth his hand, took his glass of beer, drained it, and then rose slowly to his feet. His example was followed by all the rest, except Quendel and the sacristan. Good-night was said, and Johann, lamp in hand, proceeded to light the guests down the passage and out of the house-door.

"Broke up early to-night," said the waiter when he returned, glancing at Schnarcher, who remained immovable by the stove.

"I," remarked old Simon in his sourest tones, "go home at nine o'clock,—neither sooner nor later. I've left the Pied Lamb as St. Mary's clock strikes nine, every night, winter and summer, except

when kept at home by the rheumatism, for the last fifty years. In your time, Herr Quendel, and in your father's time before you, that has been my custom. New ways may come up, and new inns may come up, and such as likes 'em are welcome to take to 'em. But Simon Schnarcher, sacristan, don't allow his habits to be broken in upon by anybody."

Quendel nodded his close-cropped head admiringly. "Ah," said he, "that's the sort of sentiment I like to hear in this Speise-Saal."

"Gentlemen," said a dry, subdued voice, "will you allow me to draw up to your table, and finish this excellent old wine in your company?"

It was the stranger who spoke, and who now advanced, bottle in hand, towards the host. Quendel had more than the ordinary inn-keeper's pride in his cellar. He reckoned himself, and with some justice, a first-rate judge of wine, and he had somewhat of the enthusiasm of a connoisseur on the subject. Indeed, eating and drinking, in general, were the only topics on which Quendel might be said ever to display anything like a glow of feeling.

"Glad you like the vintage, sir," said he, pulling forward a chair for his guest, and beginning to form an exceedingly favourable opinion of his taste. Old Schnarcher, too, looked at the stranger approvingly. The gentleman was staid, slow in speech, sombre in dress, took snuff, and was not young. "Good," muttered the sacristan to himself, and made an attempt at a bow.

"You seem to have a very agreeable society here, Herr Landlord," said the Justizrath, for it was he.

"Ach Himmel! Well enough, sir; well enough. We mostly are pretty pleasant together. But you have chanced on us rather unluckily this evening."

"How so?" asked von Schleppers, raising his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Well, you see I had to be a little hard on an old acquaintance. A very respectable man,—none more so,—but weak, weak hereabouts," said the host, tapping his forehead.

"Truly? truly? Well, the fact is, I don't believe I heard six words of what you were saying. I am afraid I am what people call absent. That is to say, I mind my own business, and don't pay much heed to what other folks are talking about. Unless, of course, they happen to be talking to me."

The grin with which the Justizrath concluded his speech was intended to be agreeable, no doubt, but the majority of people would have found it repulsive. Neither Schnarcher nor Quendel found it so, however. They willingly allowed themselves to be drawn into talking very freely about their fellow-townsmen, and notably about Peters, whose opinions, they regretted to say, were very far from being what they ought to be. Then they answered various adroitly put questions as to the prosperity of the town and neighbourhood, and

the value of land and house property in Horn, and gave a good deal of information which the Justizrath carefully stored in his retentive memory, whilst seeming to pay scarcely any heed to it. When nine o'clock struck from the spire of St. Mary's Church, the sacristan was still seated by the stove, and still holding forth dogmatically for the benefit of his new acquaintance.

"Good night, sir," said the latter, rising as the sacristan rose, "much obliged for your improving society. Ach leider! one doesn't often hear such sound opinions now-a-days."

"No, sir, that's true enough," the old man made answer decisively. "But I belong to the old school. I like old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned wisdom. I was brought up to think old heads ought to govern and young hands to work. And I was seventy-nine last Pentecost."

"Ay, ay," answered the Justizrath, as admiringly as though to have been seventy-nine last Pentecost involved the exercise of the highest moral qualities, "to be sure, to be sure. Old heads to govern, as you say, and old wine to drink, eh! Herr Landlord?"

Quendel was wonderfully tickled by this, and lighted his guest up to the yellow bed-room in person.

When next day the news ran through Horn that the stranger who had passed the night at the Pied Lamb was Lawyer von Schleppers from Detmold, that he was to have the chief management, under Major von Groll, of the Prince's estates, and that he had already paid a visit to Franz Lehmann's farm on business connected with a piece of land which the farmer had rented of his highness, both the sacristan and the landlord felt sundry twinges of regret at having been led into making such confidences to an official personage who might put them to what use he pleased. Neither of them were in general communicative men, and yet both were conscious of having been singularly unguarded in talking to the lawyer.

"I don't know how it was," said Quendel, smoothing down the crop of hair that looked like a grey velvet skull-cap, "but the old gentleman had such a very pleasant way with him. Even the Herr Küster, a man of great experience, took to him astonishingly."

Come, come, to be just, the gorgeous and graceful peacock is not the only vain bird in creation.

Was there not once a certain crow, black and grim, and wise in his own conceit, who let fall his bit of cheese into the flattering jaws of the fox?

CHAPTER IX.

"NO SPONGE WIPES OUT SPOKEN WORDS."

THAT excellent housewife, Frau Hanne Lehmann, sat by the warm broad hearth in her kitchen on the evening following that on which

the Justizrath von Schleppers had slept at the Pied Lamb in Horn. The hour was about six o'clock. It was nearly dark, and the fitful firelight played on the heavy rafters and the polished metal dishes. Black cavernous shadows rested in distant angles of the room, and every now and then a pale quick flame leaped up, shedding a yellow glare over the darkness, and then sank again, and left only the hot core of the wood-fire glowing red and steady. Tick, tick, went the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick. Drop by drop the waters of life, grain by grain the sands of time, one by one the hopes and fears, the joys and griefs, the loves and angers, of humanity, flowing, flowing, falling, falling, ebbing, ebbing,—whither?

That twilight hour is a melancholy time. Sweet in its sadness to the young and hopeful; cruel in its voiceless memories to those whose life is on the wane. Melancholy, dreamy, pathetic to all. Even to Hanne Lehmann, in spite of the hard, dauntless front she shows to the world; even to Hanne Lehmann,—sitting with the eternal knitting needles, glancing rose-tinted by the fire, and her head bent down upon her breast,—the twilight brings a softening influence. Tick, tick, goes the old clock over the dresser,—tick, tick, tick, tick. But that is not the sound she hears. Redder and redder glow the embers through the gathering dark, but that is not the sight she sees. In her ears little baby-feet patter over the floor, and a sweet small voice lisps garrulously, or an infant's plaintive wail breaks the silence. A tiny white face,—the face of a week-old babe,—shines out of the shadowy corner, still and solemn, with shut violet-tinged eye-lids; or, older now, a prattling little one, with flushed round cheeks, smiling, as that lost babe had never smiled, upon its parents.

"Poor little baby! poor little, pretty baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!" One, two, three bright tears drop and glitter on the knitting; presently, the work falls from the busy sunburnt hands, and Hanne's head droops yet lower on her breast. There goes out a low sound of sobs through the dim room, the cry of a bereaved mother mourning for her little one—Rachel, who will not be comforted. Ah, mother, mother, does no thought that such twilight hours as this might have awaited that small human creature in after years,—does no remembrance of pain and sorrow and toil and carking care and self-reproach and bitterness, come to tell you that it is better so; that the tiny head is at rest, and the tiny heart at peace beneath the daisies? No, no, no; only this cry out of the depths of the ignorant woman's nature,—at one here with the most cultured lady in the land,—only this cry, "My little baby, my poor pretty little baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!" Tick, tick, still says the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick! Counting these moments, too, with steady pulseless finger, dropping them, too, one by one, into the dread gulf of the irrevocable Never-more!

"Wife," said a voice at Hanne's ear. "All alone, old woman?"

She bent her head almost to her knees searching for a knitting-needle on her lap. "Yes, Franz, all alone. Martha and Lotte are getting their supper with the farm-people in the great room on the other side of the barn."

There was an unusual softness in Hanne's voice. Her husband did not see the tears on her cheek, for she kept her face in shadow, and the kitchen was very dark; but he knew that she had been crying. He knew, too, that her thoughts had gone back to the early days of her wifehood, and that she had been mourning for the baby whose coming she had looked for with such passionate joy, and whose death had struck so heavy a blow to her heart.

He sat down beside her, putting his broad rough palm on the back of her hand, and gently stroking it. Franz Lehmann was an ignorant, rustic, uncultured man, but no eloquence could have spoken more plainly to his wife's apprehension than that silent action.

"I wasn't idle, Franz," said Frau Lehmann, after a pause. "I was finishing your stocking. But I never want any light to knit by, and what's the good of wasting oil or candles? Sometimes I think that if I was to go blind I shouldn't be quite a burden. I could knit,—I know I could."

"Tut, tut, old woman, don't talk about being a burden, and going blind! And as to being idle,—well, if no housewife in Germany was more idle than my Hanne, there'd be full barns and empty poor-houses all over the land." Still the rough broad palm was stroking the wife's hand caressingly.

"I wanted to say a word to you, wife," resumed Franz presently, "about that old lawyer that was here yesterday. But somehow we don't get much time to talk together, do we?"

Had Franz Lehmann spoken out fully the thought that was in him, he would have said that it was not so much opportunity for confidential talk that was rare, but rather such a disposition on the part of his hearer as might give any hope of a peaceable and amicable discussion; and that he seized on the present moment, encouraged by finding his old woman in a softer mood than was usual with her.

"What about the old lawyer, Franz?"

"Well, you know, we've got a new land-steward for the Prince's property here,—one Major von Groll, I think they call him. The post has been vacant ever since old Bopp died."

Hanne nodded.

"This Herr Justizrath von Schleppers," resumed Lehmann, mouthing out the full style and title with a true German enjoyment of long-winded appellations, "this same Herr Justizrath was lawyer in Bopp's time, and is lawyer still, for all the Prince's legal business in Detmold. Now it seemed to me yesterday that he was getting a

step beyond just minding his own part of the business, and was poking his nose into things that don't concern him."

"I suppose he came here in the land-steward's place. The land-steward is quite a noble gentleman, and has been in the Austrian army, I've heard say, and of course he won't be of any real use to the Prince. How should he? It will fall on the Justizrath to do the work. And all right enough. The von Schleppers' are well-born, too; I don't say but what they are; but then you see the Justizrath is a lawyer, and that makes all the difference."

"You don't understand, wife," began Franz incautiously.

"Don't understand? Why, what will you say next, Franz Lehmann? If I don't understand, things are in a bad way with us, for it's little other understanding than my own that's to be found under this roof."

"I know you've a head upon your shoulders, old woman,—none better in the Principality,—and I know too, well enough, that my own is apt to get a bit muddled at times, when I set off thinking" (it may be observed that Franz Lehmann here spoke in perfect sincerity); "but what I mean is, that you wasn't with us, you know, when we were going over the farm yesterday, and you didn't hear all the old fellow said, and the questions he kept asking, nor see the way his eyes were upon everything, peering and prying and poking out his bald head."

Hanne began to bridle. The picture presented to her mind of a stranger,—Justizrath and von Schleppers though he might be,—peering, prying, and asking questions on her homestead, was not agreeable to her.

"Dear Heaven!" she cried, "I suppose he didn't find much amiss! He might have gone into every hole and corner of the place for all I should have cared. I'm not afraid for folks to see how I manage. But, all the same, he'd no right to set his foot on a sod of the ground, barring the hill-side meadows that you rent of his highness. As to the house and the rest of the land, they're yours, and were your father's and grandfather's before you."

"Just so, old woman; just so," returned the farmer, patting the hand on which his palm still rested, and congratulating himself on the accord between his feelings on the subject and his wife's. "The old gentleman was smooth-spoken enough, though, and praised the look of the place, and all that. But, someway,—I can't tell why, exactly,—I didn't much take to him. I didn't altogether like the way he spoke of Lieschen."

"I hope they're not dissatisfied with her. I hope he had no fault to find?"

"Fault! Why no; it would be hard to find fault with my little Liese, I'm thinking."

Hanne sharply withdrew her hand from her husband's, and the

softness that her solitary musings had left behind them disappeared from her voice and her face and her manner. "Stuff and nonsense!" said she, angrily. "Hard to find fault with Liese? Hard enough not to find fault sometimes,—as you'd know, if you had the house to manage instead of mooning about the farm all day! But so it is with you men. If you are pinched in a soft place yourselves, though, you roar out to be heard on the top of the Grotenberg. What a long face would you pull if I was to declare it was hard to find a fault in Claus, your waggoner! And yet I don't know that he gives me much bother."

"Why, old woman! you don't liken our Lieschen to drunken old Claus, do ye?"

Franz tried to force a laugh by way of turning the matter into a joke, but his hilarity was received with supreme and chilling disdain. Presently he resumed, gravely: "When I said I didn't quite like the way Lawyer von Schleppers talked about Lieschen, I meant that he seemed so prying and eager,—all in a sly, quiet way, though,—to learn all about the child's story, and about,—her poor mother. I can't think who had been putting it into his head to ask the questions he did. No one here, except you and me and Peters, knows aught of that sad tale."

Hanne flushed a deep crimson to the roots of her hair, but the fire-light did not suffice to reveal the flush to her husband's eyes.

"Ah, Franz, that's so like you," she made answer. "You fancy folks don't know things just because you never told 'em. But, Lord! don't you go to believe that there's so much kept secret in this world."

"Well, but who told the Justizrath that Liese's name wasn't Lehmann?"

"Who told him?" retorted Hanne, with an unnecessary assumption of being injured. "Why, who should tell him but me?"

"You, Hanne?" Franz rose up from his seat, and, taking up a dry pine-log from the corner of the hearth, threw it on to the smouldering fire, where it presently blazed up into a bright flame, by the light of which he could distinctly see his wife's countenance. Then, fixing his eyes on hers, he repeated in a low, stern voice, "You, Hanne?"

Either the sudden glare, or something menacing in her husband's tone, made Frau Lehmann nervous; for she began to speak in a fluttered manner, very unlike her usual one.

"Yes me, to be sure. Who else? And what matter? We were chatting,—and,—you were away with the plough, and I had sent for you, and the lawyer was mighty civil-spoken,—and,—I suppose you don't think I ought to sit with a guest in my own house quite mumchance, do you, Franz?"

"No," said Franz, slowly, still keeping his eyes on hers.

"Very well, then. And I suppose it was natural to get talking about Liese, since she lives in the lawyer's house, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Franz, in the same manner.

"Very well again, then. The old gentleman spoke with a great deal of interest about the child. I'm sure I thought you'd have been pleased."

"Did you?"

"Yes, of course. Pleased to know that the child was with folks who,—who,—cared about her."

"And was it to make them care about her the more, that you told ——?"

"I told nothing, Franz, but that her name was not Lehmann. Nothing else. We were speaking of how old Liese was, and how long it was since you had fetched her here from Hanover, and such like. And,—and,—it slipped out."

"Slipped out! You're not one to let things slip out against your will, unless so be you're in a temper. But that was it,—you were in a temper. You had got one of your cursed spiteful fits on you, when you hate the innocent lass and think of nought but how to run her down and be-little her. The lawyer, mayhap, said a word in her praise, and that was enough to set you off against her."

"Franz, Franz! I declare solemnly——"

But Hanne's attempt to arrest the torrent of her husband's wrath was an utterly vain one. Like many men who are constitutionally slow to anger, when once aroused his rage overbore all bounds until it had thoroughly spent itself. His deep voice rolled out thunderous German oaths that seemed to shake the low-raftered ceiling, and his dull blue eyes were lighted up with that peculiarly sinister and savage sparkle which a blue eye is so capable of giving forth.

"I wonder you are not ashamed,—you who say you have a mother's heart in your breast, and are so soft and pitiful over a little dead babe that needs nothing from any of us any more. I wonder, for very shame, that you can be so hard and sharp and spiteful to the poor, gentle, motherless thing!"

"Franz, Franz!"

"You are hard and sharp and spiteful and jealous,—deadly jealous of her in your heart. I never give the child a kiss, but you look as though it was poison to you. I never stroke her hair, nor say a soft word to her, but you find some fault or pick some hole in her coat, poor maiden! And then you must needs blab what you think will hurt her with other folks. Not that it can hurt her with any honest man or woman, either,—the poor, innocent, helpless lamb. As for him,—as for you prying, meddling old lawyer,—if he comes here prowling and sniffing like Reinecke Fuchs, he shall have a dose on't. I'll make his crafty old carcass acquainted with my cudgel."

"Franz, Franz! In Gotte's namen, don't talk like a madman!"

"I'm none so mad but I've sense to take care of my own, and none so meek but I'll do it against any lawyers or land-stewards in Detmold. Potztausend! What is it to him who Liese came of, or where she came from? I've a half mind to take her away from his house. And to-morrow morning, as sure as the sun rises, I'll go to Detmold, and see the lass for myself; and if so be she is not happy, nor comfortable, nor well-treated, home she comes, without more ado. And let me see the man, woman, or child that will ill-treat her under my roof!"

With that Franz stormed out of the kitchen, and his heavy step was heard stamping across the barn and plashing through the wet mire outside in the farmyard.

Hanne sat by the fire and cried,—cried hot scalding tears of vexation, not such soft weeping as she had indulged in before. Franz was very, very seldom roused to such a manifestation of anger, and the indefeasible masterhood of his sex. Not more than half-a-dozen times, perhaps, in the whole course of her wedded life had Hanne Lehmann seen her husband thus moved. And now it was not so much the fact of his being in a passion that hurt her, as the cause of it. She had neither delicate nerves nor fine-spun sensibilities, but she had a very deep, though narrow and jealous, affection for Franz. "I wonder what Liese could have said of me that would have put him out so?" thought she bitterly. And thus she went on tormenting herself and nursing her wrath against Liese. But she had no fears that her unlucky confidence to the Justizrath would lead to any further serious consequences. And she was right. Franz's habitual mild inertness resumed its sway as strongly as ever after his storm of rage had subsided. That next morning, which has such a marvellous power to modify the resolves and calm the emotions of most of us, witnessed no journey to Detmold on the part of the farmer. "I will go and have a peep at the dear little maid before long," said he to himself. "But to-day is corn-market at Lemgo. Liese must wait. Aufgeschoben, ist nicht aufgehoben. What's put off, isn't finished. So."

Then things fell into their old track at the farm. The housewife bustled and toiled, and scolded her maids as usual, and Franz smoked and mused, and lounged about his fields. But Hanne felt in her heart a secret accession of jealous bitterness towards the orphan girl. For she mentally credited Liese with all the suffering and mortification consequent upon her husband's outburst of anger. It never occurred to her to blame her own tongue and temper for the mischief.

Which clearly proves Frau Hanne Lehmann to have been a very singular woman indeed.

CHAPTER X.

OTTO AND LIESE.

OTTO's early training has been sufficiently described to enable the reader to understand that his father, the head ranger, had imbued him with a large-hearted love for his whole fatherland that is more usually found among the inhabitants of populous cities than among the comparatively isolated dwellers in obscure nooks and corners of Germany. Hemmerich himself was unaware what deep root the feelings evoked by his old legends and modern ballads were taking in his boy's heart. The father's mind, dreamy, imaginative, and somewhat timid,—though of physical courage Hemmerich never showed any lack,—was content to wander in the past, and speculate on the future. Otto, more prosaic and less irresolute, lived in the present, and translated his ideas into action as far as it was possible to do so. To Otto's character no speculations were attractive which did not involve the possibility of doing something as their first result. And if this doing were tangible work to be accomplished by thews and sinews, so much the more was it attractive to Otto. He was yet such a mere child when his father died, that to suppose any thing like a political bias in his young mind would have appeared to be an absurdity. But, nevertheless, such a bias was there, and only circumstances were needed to call it forth. In his school-days Otto had been a peculiarly bad subject for the reception of those wise saws which deal in vague generalities, and are not intended by their enunciators to be uncompromisingly acted upon. He had a disconcerting habit of taking you at your word, which had been a source of much aggravation to old Sophie, the sacristan's one domestic,—laundress, cook, housekeeper, and gardener. And, indeed, the said habit had more than once occasioned some inconvenience to the despotic Simon Schnarcher himself. "Thou blessed Heaven!" old Sophie would exclaim querulously, "the boy does it to provoke me! He came into the kitchen yesterday with his clothes one cake of mud, and I told him he had best eat his dinner in the cow-shed, for that was all the place he was fit for; and,—would you believe it?—he walked off with his bowl of broth, and eat it up in the old cow-house; and it was pelting with rain as hard as it could pelt, and the water coming through the roof into his broth,—for it hasn't been mended since there's been no beast kept there! It was all aggravation. He knew I didn't mean what I said."

But Otto had really acted in straightforward simplicity; and, in truth, the only method of dealing with him was this:—when you did not mean a thing, not to say it.

In Halle, during his uncle's unsuccessful experiment of trying to mould this unmanageable conscience into a somewhat more plastic

condition, it had been the same. Yet, although he returned from the university as fixed as ever in the resolve not to be a clergyman, Otto nevertheless brought away with him some good results of his sojourn there,—a respect for learning and intellect, and a clearer comprehension than he had ever before attained of his own aptitudes and deficiencies. Under the roof of Herr Schmitt, the stationer at Detmold, Otto's individual opinions on politics,—or, indeed, on any other subject,—were, he thought, of no consequence whatever to the people around him. He had at first a return of that sensation of utter loneliness, of being apart from all love and care, which he had experienced in his boyhood, on exchanging the free forest life and his father's fond companionship for the narrow rule and gloomy roof of Simon Schnarcher. But gradually he grew to like his new master very much, and to respect him very sincerely. A mild, silent, honest man was Herr Schmitt, with an omnivorous appetite for books. Simon Schnarcher had not thought it necessary to confide to the stationer his grand-nephew's dislike to the life of a tradesman, and Schmitt had at first no idea but that Otto was well content with his lot. Soon, however, the two simple, honest natures began to understand each other better. The essence of the young man's character was a transparent candour, and it was not very long before Herr Schmitt was put in possession of all the events of Otto's simple history. Little did the sacristan suspect that the respectable, old-established,—in Schnarcher's mind the two words were almost synonymous,—tradesman was capable of sympathising with Otto's perverse fancies. But so it was, nevertheless. However much Otto might like Herr Schmitt, he could not reconcile himself to the prospect of being a tradesman all his days. He pined for a freer life, for an occupation that should give scope to the exercise of his bodily activity, and should call forth the powers of his quick, observant eye, light foot, and steady hand.

"If I had been a bit older when poor father died," said he one day to Herr Schmitt, "I believe I should have gone straight to the Prince and asked to be taken into his service as jäger. The Prince thought a good deal of father."

"Umph!" answered the stationer, musingly, "Is it too late? I am not at all sure that it is too late."

Which words fanned the spark of hope that had never ceased to glow in Otto's breast. But then, Schmitt, who was always more or less an ailing man, fell sick, and the subject was put out of sight for the present.

Detmold folks are old-fashionedly early in their habits. Liese was out at market, making such purchases as it did not require her mistress's experienced judgment to select, by seven o'clock on the morning after her master's departure for Horn. "I wonder," thought

she, trotting homeward, with a heavy basket on her arm, "whether Herr Schmitt's shop is open yet?"

It was open. The shutters were down, the pavement swept, and at the door stood some one looking for her. Some one whose jaws were not bound up with a handkerchief, and whose brown face glowed brightly at her approach.

"Good morning, Otto."

"Good morning, Lieschen."

Otto managed to throw a good deal of eloquence into the ordinary greeting. Liese tripped into the shop.

"How glad I am that you happened to be here, Otto!"

"Happened to be here! Why, of course I was here. Where else should I be, when I knew there was a chance of your coming?"

"Oh! he did tell you then? He,—he isn't a very nice boy, is he, Otto? I thought he seemed rather cross. But perhaps that may have been the toothache."

"Oh, come! he is not a bad fellow, Lieschen," remonstrated Otto. "He gave me your message faithfully, and he remembered your name and all."

Otto was too grateful to the cadaverous boy for giving him the chance of seeing Liese, to speak otherwise than well of him.

The young man was standing behind the counter, leaning his arms upon it so as to bring himself very near to Liese. The young maiden stood resting her market-basket on the broad wooden ledge. One little red hand clasped the wicker handle, the other was hidden beneath her coarse apron. Liese certainly looked very pretty. Her cheeks had been kissed into a soft pink glow by the eager morning air, and her eyes were bright and joyous. Happiness is a great beautifier; and Liese felt very happy in Otto's presence.

"How is Herr Schmitt?" she asked gently. "The boy told me he was ill in bed."

"So he is, more's the pity. I don't know, but I'm afraid he is very ill. The doctor shakes his head. He's a right good man, Herr Schmitt."

"I'm glad you like him, Otto."

"Yes; I do like him, though I don't like the business a bit the more. Herr Schmitt has notions that Uncle Schnarcher wouldn't approve of if he knew them," added Otto with a smile.

"Has he?"

"Ay, Lieschen, that has he! Uncle Schnarcher fancies that none but hot-headed young fellows have such notions, but Herr Schmitt is old enough, heaven knows! more than fifty. And yet he is a strong patriot. Ah, and he reads all the liberal journals, and I believe he writes letters to some of them."

"Thou dear heaven!" exclaimed Liese, profoundly impressed.

"Yes, I believe he does. He and I have long talks together

sometimes of an evening, and I've learnt a great many things from him."

"Do you know, Otto," said Liese earnestly, "I wanted to ask you something."

"Did you, Lieschen?"

"Yes; you always were so good to me, and I am not so afraid of you as I am of most people."

"Afraid of me? I should think not! Why, Lieschen, if I thought you were afraid of me, it would grieve me to the heart."

"Would it, Otto?"

"Yes, it would. Because I don't believe folks are afraid of those they like."

"I don't know," returned Liese, pondering. "I think I am afraid of people I like, sometimes. But then I am a coward,—Cousin Hanne always says so. However, I am not afraid of you, Otto, at all events. So I want you to explain to me why it was right to be a patriot in Hermann's time,—Hermann on the Grotenberg, you know,—and yet it would be wrong now?"

"Who says it would be wrong now?" shouted Otto impetuously.

"Wrong! Wrong to be a patriot, and to love Fatherland! Why, Liese, I am astonished to hear you say such things!"

"Well, Otto," answered Liese, half smiling, half timid, "you are determined to try whether I do really like you or not, for you are enough to frighten anybody when you look and speak like that!"

"Dear Lieschen, did I startle you? I'm so sorry! You are such a tender little thing. But do tell me what put such an idea into your head! Wrong to be a patriot?"

Then Liese related the talk of the hochwohlgeborne Damen at her mistress's tea-table, and Otto proceeded with much gravity to give the simple maiden the benefit of his superior wisdom and knowledge on the subject of patriotism. Liese listened with very flattering attention and interest; and then, descending from the general question to the particular case, after the fashion of womankind, she asked, with a very grave look in her brown eyes, "And would you be a patriot too, Otto?"

"Well," returned Otto after a short pause, "I hope I am one, Lieschen."

"Are you?" The brown eyes looked up with a great deal of surprise in them, and a gleam of something that was made up of admiration and timidity.

"I mean, you know, that I hope I feel like one. As to doing, I couldn't be of much use, of course, because wise heads are wanted as well as warm hearts."

"Oh, Otto!" Little Lieschen's soft chestnut eyebrows came together in an indignant frown. That was too much! "Oh, Otto, I am quite sure your head is not silly."

Not silly? No, indeed! In her heart she looked upon Otto as a marvel of cleverness. And as for learning,—had he not been to college? And could he not construe the Latin epitaphs on the tombstones at Horn?

Otto found it very pleasant to be looked at and spoken to as Liese Lehmann looked and spoke. He was a very good fellow, sound at heart; and, although far from inaccessible to the flattery implied in his old playmate's undoubting faith in him, he yet accepted it gratefully, as one receives not a debt, but a gift.

"What a dear little thing you are, Lieschen!" said he.

Then the brown eyes took refuge behind a hedge of long lashes a shade darker than themselves, and a bright blush deepened the pink glow on the soft cheeks.

"I say, Lieschen, couldn't I come and see you sometimes, after working hours?"

Liese's heart palpitated with terror.

"Oh no, Otto, I'm sure you couldn't," said she, breathlessly.

"I don't think it very kind of you to be so dead sure about it. We are such old friends. And I want to know why not?"

Now somewhere in some secret hidden nook of Liese Lehmann's heart there existed a very sufficient answer to this question. But scarcely to her own consciousness did she own what the answer was. As to boldly blurring it forth to Otto Hemmerich's face, there was hardly any wild audacity which she would not have been more capable of accomplishing than that. The answer put into words would have run thus: "You cannot come and see me, because you would come in the character of my sweetheart, and Frau von Schleppers utterly disapproves of and forbids sweethearts."

And there was Otto chafing and fuming because he fancied that Liese did not wish him to go and see her, and having not the faintest suspicion of the reason that kept her tongue-tied and abashed. And upon the whole, I, for my part, am inclined to like them both all the better for their foolishness. Otto would not have been the Otto I knew and am trying to describe, had he been capable of jumping to the conclusion that he was much too dangerous a fellow to be admitted by the mistress of a household as a visitor to her pretty serving-maid.

There was a pause.

"Please, Otto," said Liese in an unsteady little voice, "would you tell me how much I owe for the pink satin note-paper? I must pay for it. That's what I came for."

"Three kreutzers," responded Otto briefly.

"There they are. Good-bye, Otto."

"You are going?"

"I must go; mistress is alone. Master went to Horn last night,

and is not come back yet. I don't know whether he would see cousin Franz or not; I didn't dare ask him to take any message."

"Who is your master? Is he cross to you?"

Otto was very fiery at the idea of any one but himself being cross to Liese.

"He is the Herr Justizrath von Schleppers, and he isn't cross a bit. But I feel afraid of him all the same. Good-bye again, Otto."

"Good-bye, Lieschen. Shake hands. I dare say I may be having a holiday myself soon, to go and see Uncle Schnarcher. If I do go, I suppose I might call at the Justizrath's to ask if you had any message to send to Horn?"

Liese felt rather dubious about that even, but she had not the heart to say so. So she made no verbal reply, but put her hand into Otto's, and then set off homeward with her market-basket.

"The Justizrath von Schleppers," mused Otto, still leaning with folded arms on the counter. "Folks say he has all the management of the Prince's estates now. I wonder——"

And then Otto's thoughts went off into various wanderings branching out hither and thither; and the most prominent figure in his wanderings was not that of the respectable Justizrath von Schleppers, but a very small, slight form, belonging to a meek little maiden, who was meanwhile actively engaged in household labours,—rubbing and scrubbing, and sweeping, under the jealous eye of her mistress,—and breaking forth every now and then into short sweet snatches of song, like the pipings of a young bird. Being impelled thereto by the irrepressible forces of youth, and a loving heart which instinctively felt that it was loved again.

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION.

It is essential that every Englishman desirous of understanding the present political condition of the United States should be familiar with the words which we have prefixed to this paper, and should know what Reconstruction in the States means, how it is being carried out, and why,—and to what it is leading. Since the civil war in America was terminated there have come up many topics of political interest in reference to the United States;—the calamitous murder of Mr. Lincoln, and the chance succession to the president's chair of a man never intended for that place, and who has certainly shown himself to be most unfit for it; the enormous self-taxation of the nation, and the imposition of duties, which seem to us to give evidence equally strong of the determination of the people to bear their burdens, and of their financial ignorance in adjusting them; their claims and anger against ourselves in reference to our conduct during the war; the absolute necessity which awaited them of framing some form of temporary government for the conquered States; and then the impeachment of the President, to which an excitement altogether dramatic has been given by the acquittal of the highest officer of the Republic, by one vote only, among fifty-four senators;—all these matters have interested us very greatly,—so that the natural apathy of one country to the politics of another has been conquered, and Englishmen have cared to know what was going on in the United States. But that which is now called Reconstruction is, we think, of infinitely greater importance to humanity at large, and to the States of America in particular, than the death of one President or the impeachment of another;—than any claims for Alabama losses; more important even than paper currency, the price of gold, or the limits of taxation. The question, in a few words, is this;—can a community of white men be made to live in subjection to a community of negroes, the numbers being, let us say, equal? In putting the question thus boldly, we do not touch upon its merits,—as to which, however, we will venture in the course of these remarks, to offer our opinion. We assert that the attempt is being made, and we do not think that it can be made successfully. There will afterwards, of course, arise other questions, as to the wisdom, the honesty, the generosity, the humanity of the attempt.

The communities of which we speak are those of the white men and negroes, who now inhabit together the States which endeavoured

to secede from their sister States in 1861. The writer of these remarks protests that no Englishman and not many Americans were more fully convinced than was he of the folly, hopelessness, and,—as regards its civil leaders,—of the wickedness of secession. This he states in order that it may be understood that he is not now about to plead for the worn-out cause of Southern rebellion. The war is over, and the seceding States have been reduced to the condition of conquered territories. They have acknowledged their helplessness by complete submission. We do not allege that any special merit is due to them on this account, for that submission has become a necessity of their position; but it must at least be allowed to them that since they have been a conquered people they have done little or nothing to cause trouble to their conquerors. In what manner shall this conquered country be treated? That, of course, to the victorious North has been a question of most vital importance; and the answer has been that they shall be “reconstructed” as States of the Union.

It may perhaps be well to give a list of the conquered States of which we are speaking, and with this list to state the male adult population in white men and negroes as it existed according to the census of 1860, and to state, also, the number of men registered for voting in 1867. As the registration is intended to comprise all men, whether white or coloured, over twenty-one, who have not lost their right to vote by prominence in the rebellion, the numbers would naturally show the falling off in the population during and since the war. It is not, however, supposed that the loss of the whole population has been nearly so great as that here shown; but whether it be so, or whether it be not, the numbers will give the result at which we are aiming. Whatever may have caused the deficiency of white voters,—we do not say of white men,—the deficiency exists. The numbers are as follows:—

STATES THAT SECEDED, WITH THE ADULT MALE POPULATION, AS TAKEN BY THE CENSUS OF 1860 AND THE REGISTRATION OF PROPOSED VOTERS IN 1867.

STATES.	Adult male population in 1860.		Registration in 1867.	
	White.	Coloured.	White.	Coloured.
Alabama . . .	113,871	92,404	74,450	90,340
Arkansas . . .	70,852	22,633	33,047	21,207
Florida . . .	18,511	13,504	11,148	15,434
Georgia . . .	127,303	92,995	95,303	93,458
Louisiana . . .	94,711	92,502	45,199	84,431
Mississippi . . .	80,051	89,963	47,434	62,091
North Carolina . . .	138,136	71,355	103,050	71,657
South Carolina . . .	65,610	84,393	47,010	80,286
Texas . . .	103,500	36,215	50,666	47,430
Virginia . . .	156,061	114,608	116,932	104,772
	968,606	710,572	639,299	671,106

White men, 1860 . . . 968,606

Coloured men, 1860 . . . 710,572

Ditto 1867 . . . 639,299

Ditto 1867 . . . 671,106

Decrease . . . 338,307

Decrease . . . 39,466

The first effect of these figures is the feeling of horror produced by the great falling off in the white population,—or rather in the white men,—of these States. The total number would seem to have been reduced by above one-third. It is, however, undoubtedly the case that many white men have been excluded from the registration which has everywhere been carried out in the interests of the party which favours the preponderance of negroes,—and that the actual deficiency is not nearly so great as is here represented. The figures, however, undoubtedly show the result of the registration as it has been taken in the different States.

Now the purpose of the registration has been this,—that each of these States should vote itself a new Constitution, and should be “reconstructed.” It is of course understood that since they seceded these States have sent neither Senators nor Representatives to Congress; nor, since they were conquered, have they had home legislatures. Since the war was over they have been under military government; but, as the North has declared throughout the war that no State could in fact secede, and that each State, though in rebellion, remained a component part of the Union, it has been held to be essential that they should resume their political privileges. But how should these privileges be resumed? In what way should the conquered be allowed again to take their place among the conquerors?

It is the theory of the Federal Government of the United States that each State shall govern itself by its own laws, and shall arrange for itself on what terms it shall send its quota of Representatives to the National Congress at Washington. The number of its Representatives is fixed for it. Each State sends two Senators to Congress, and a number of members to the Lower House, fixed in accordance with its population. But each State may arrange for itself its own franchise. The voters of the States vote directly for the House of Representatives or Lower House in Congress, and the Senators are sent by the Legislatures of the States, which are of course elected by the State voters. So that it is open for each State to decide to what class of men it will entrust the power of selecting its representatives. According to the will of each State there may be a property qualification, or a qualification of colour, or an educational qualification, or a qualification of residence, or no qualification whatever. There is at the present moment, we believe, no State in the Union,—that is to say, no unconquered State,—with which universal suffrage prevails, pure and simple, without any qualification. New Hampshire comes the nearest to it, admitting every male over twenty-one who is not a pauper or exempted from payment of taxes at his own request. Maine requires three months’ residence, and excludes Indians. Massachusetts demands that every voter shall read, and write at least his name. Rhode Island has a property qualification. Connecticut excludes negroes,—as does every other State now represented in the

Union; except New York, which has, however, laid on the negro voter so high a property qualification that, together with the demand for three years' residence, it makes the privilege almost null and void. In not one of those great Western States, in which the negro has been the darling of the last ten years, can a negro exercise a vote. In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, the right of voting is denied,—and has been persistently denied, to the negro. Practically, he can vote only in five of the six New England States, and there under certain restrictions. It may be added to this that in these States the negroes are so few in number that it matters not at all whether they vote or not. Such is the condition of voting through all the States which did not secede; and there is nothing better understood throughout the Union than the constitutional theory that each State shall decide for itself to whom the privilege of voting shall and to whom it shall not be conceded.

In the Southern States, before the days of secession, of course no negro voted. The negroes were slaves;—and in all that was said of slavery and its abominations, nothing was hinted at political power. Mr. Stevens has ever been the negro's advocate; but Mr. Stevens is a Representative from Pennsylvania, and no negro has ever voted in Pennsylvania. But it was manifest that Reconstruction in the Southern States must be carried out on new principles. The very number of their Representatives in Congress had of old been made to depend in part on the amount of their slave population;—and the slaves were slaves no longer. And then was it right that men who had been rebels should be restored at once to their full political power and privileges? There should be Reconstruction,—Reconstruction as speedily as possible, because it had been held throughout the war that no State could be out of the Union;—but could not Reconstruction be so managed that the Southern States should come back not as independent powers, but as appanages to that side in American politics which has been dominant since the election of Mr. Lincoln? Southern States left to themselves would send Democrats to Congress, would send rebels, men who had hated the North;—perhaps even men who had bled for the South. Might not these States be so "reconstructed," that every election in them,—not only for Senators and Representatives sent to Washington,—but the mayors, judges, aldermen, governors, counsellors, and what not,—should be made in favour of the Republican party? * The Southern States should be kept in the Union,—should be reconstructed,—but the neck of the Southern sympathiser should be still kept in the dust. The State should be there again; but the conqueror would relax nothing of his grasp, and the conquered should escape nothing of his punishment!

* The Republican politicians have enjoyed great party strength since the war; but they have not been strong enough. President Johnson has slipped through their fingers. Cannot the party be made stronger?

It could only be by the use of the negro that this could become practicable. Nothing was clearer than this,—that each State must have a new Constitution. The old Constitutions, made on the basis of slavery, could not work. And the State must choose the Constitution for itself. But who in the State should choose it? The proposed Constitution itself could be written anywhere, and sent down by the hands of any trusted friend. The only difficulty would be as to the voting for it. Let all the negroes vote,—vote at a State convention summoned for the choice of a new Constitution, and let strong impediments be thrown in the way of white voters, and the thing would be done. The white men,—almost all the white men,—had been Southern sympathisers. Let them be submitted to a test-oath, pledging them to Union sentiments,—so that at least the honest ones among them might be eliminated; and let all who had been in any way prominent in the rebellion be rejected from participation. The negroes might be counted on to vote for anything sent to them in the shape of a Constitution, and as a Constitution made in their favour. Few could read it, almost none could understand it! And so it was done. Constitutions for the rebellious States have been drawn out, voted, and adopted,—with more or less of literal* illegality over and above the gross illegality in the spirit which has been committed. The negroes of Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, have gone to the polls, and have declared what shall be the future Constitutions for these States. Congress has adopted them, and submitted the bills to the President; and the bills have been passed over the President's veto.

We will take the condition of the State of South Carolina under this new Act of Reconstruction, partly because of all the seceding States it was the one that created most interest among ourselves during the war, and partly because its present condition is accurately defined by figures which are at our command.

It will be seen, by referring to the table which we have given above, that the total number of registered voters for the State is 127,296,—of whom something less than two-thirds are negroes. The new Constitution that has been provided requires that direct taxation shall be levied in the State to the amount of 2,230,950 dollars a year, which would impose about 17½ dollars on each registered voter,—if, as should be presumed, the registered voters and the adult male population are one and the same. Of the negroes, no doubt more than the entire number of male adults has been registered. Of the whites,—equally without doubt,—less than the entire number has been

* It was settled by Congress that no State Constitution should be adopted unless half of the whole number of registered voters voted one way or the other. All the white voters in Alabama stayed from the polls, and the required half did not vote. The Constitution nevertheless has been sanctioned by Congress,—over the President's veto.

registered. But it has been decided also that this sum shall be levied, not as a poll-tax, nor on incomes, but by taxation on real property. There were 121 delegates chosen to adopt this Constitution :—

Of these 47 were white men.
74 „ coloured men.
<hr/> 121

Of the 47 white men, 23 pay no direct taxes.
Of the 74 coloured „ 59 pay no direct taxes.
<hr/> 121 82

Thus, two-thirds of the total numbers of delegates are not on the tax-book of their State at all. They are men possessed of no real property that taxation could reach. Doubtless they pay indirect taxes,—on whisky, for instance; but such taxes go to the Federal Government and not to the State. These 82 delegates out of 121 selected to choose a Constitution for their State, pay nothing towards their enormous State taxation.

But, it may be said, that though prospectively the condition of the delegates was much, retrospectively it is nothing. The Constitution is adopted; and if, under that, Representation and Taxation go together, it will matter little what was the condition of men whose authority was but for a day. The State legislatures under this Constitution have been chosen, and are thus composed. The total number of the two houses is 155 :—

Of these 57 are white men.
98 „ coloured men.
<hr/> 155

Of the 57 white men, 24 pay no direct taxes.
Of the 98 coloured „ 67 pay no direct taxes.
<hr/> 155 91

Thus of 155 members of the State legislature more than three-fifths are negroes, and very nearly three-fifths are men who are not themselves subject to the State taxation. It must be again borne in mind that for State purposes the whole taxation is on real property. And these are the men who are to vote the taxes, and to vote also the spending of the money raised.

The above facts and figures are published in an appeal from the State of South Carolina to the Senate of the United States. If they be true,—and we cannot learn that any attempt has been made to refute them,—it cannot be denied that the control of all functions of

government in South Carolina, including that chief function of the levying and spending of public money, has been handed over to the negroes, and has been handed over also to men who have no stake in the country. There cannot be a doubt but that such has been the intention of those who have in truth framed these Constitutions, have forced them upon the so-called State Conventions, and have driven them through upon the National Congress by a preponderating party majority, over the President's head.

We have before us another remonstrance from Louisiana, which, if less instructive than that from South Carolina as dealing less extensively with figures, is more touching. It begins by praying the Senate of the United States to save the State, while yet the measure was under consideration of Congress, from the effects of the negro Convention. "The past action of the people," it says, "in the State sufficiently records their protest against the mode by which the Convention was made to exist. We now protest against the Constitution framed by that Convention, because its purpose is, and its effect will be, to subject the white man to the domination of the negro." The remonstrance then goes on to plead against various articles of the Constitution. One article after another has been framed to force the white man into a communion with the negro that shall be as odious to the former as would to the Brahmin be communication with men of lower caste. They shall be compelled to mix together in all affairs of life,—but in all such affairs the negro shall be in the ascendant. "The vast and intricate interests of successions," says the remonstrance, "involving the gravest questions of law and the estates of widows and orphans, are to be settled by the parish judges. The rights of personal liberty are placed within their cognizance. Who are to be the parish judges? The negroes. No qualification except citizenship is required. The proposed vague qualification of 'learned in the law' was rejected."

In the articles on public Education it is enjoined that all State schools shall be open to children of all colours indiscriminately. It will be hard to make the full effect of this ordinance intelligible to English readers. In the first place it must be understood that in the United States generally an enormous proportion of the State public expenditure is required for the maintenance of the public schools. In South Carolina out of two millions two hundred thousand dollars, about one million is to be expended on the State schools. Seven hundred thousand dollars are required for interest on the State debt, and the remaining four hundred thousand are apportioned to other State expenses. These details will show the importance in point of expenditure of the schools in question. A great proportion of American education has always been received at these State schools, to which we have nothing similar in kind. At present, and for some time to come, the enormous direct taxation in such States as Louisiana, which must fall

almost exclusively on the white men, and the wreck of property created by the war, render it impossible for white parents to send their children to private schools. The private schools do not and cannot exist. But it is equally impossible for a white man to send his children among negro children. Whether this be right or wrong in theory, whether this be prejudice or good sense, we are not now arguing. But it is so. And it is so equally in the North, which is forcing these hated laws on the South! In Boston the white children are not educated with the black. The result will be that in the Southern States the white people will be subjected to a grinding taxation for the sake of giving an education to the negroes in which the white children cannot participate. For them there will be no education within reach. Their only prayer on this head is, that the white people may have schools for themselves. "The white people," says the remonstrance, "pay the taxes for public education. They are thus debarred from the privilege of educating their children in schools supported by their own money; for, upon the question of mixed schools the people of this State share the pride and inherit the traditions of the Northern people."

There are articles in these Constitutions by which all those "who held office, civil or military, for one year or more under the organization styled 'The Confederate States of America,' . . . those who, in the advocacy of treason, wrote or published newspaper articles or preached sermons during the late rebellion," &c., &c., shall be and are debarred from voting—unless such person shall retrieve himself from his disability by filing a written acknowledgment that he was morally and politically wrong as to secession, and that he regrets what he did. Then by another article each member of the Legislature, and every Officer of the State, whatever be his condition, is called upon to swear that he "accepts the civil and political equality of all men," and that he will not "attempt to deprive any person or persons on account of race, colour, and previous condition of any political or civil right, privilege, or immunity enjoyed by any other class of men." This must be considered before it is understood. It is as though Mr. Lowe should be required to swear, before taking his seat in the House of Commons, that he will never say another word in opposition to household suffrage,—only that there is this difference, that every white man in the State of Louisiana feels that he is called upon by every principle that is dear to him to oppose that very concession to which he is desired to give his assent on oath.

It seems to us to be hardly necessary to raise the question of the negro's natural gifts and aptitudes before we form and express our opinions on the justice or injustice of what is now being done in the Southern States by Northern power. It has, indeed, always seemed to us that there is ample evidence on the face of the earth to prove that the negro cannot stand on a level with the white man. The

evidence indeed is so strong that it is almost fatuous to discuss it. It is asserted by some that it cannot be God's intention to endow one man with gifts lower than those bestowed on another; and yet it is admitted that this has been done in regard to other races. The Indians have vanished or are vanishing before the face of the white man. Various of the peoples of Asia are held in subjection to the white man. The New Zealanders and Caffres have to undergo, or have undergone, banishment, and will undergo annihilation. The Esquimaux, should their country ever become habitable by a higher order of mankind, will undergo the same fate. The negro is more docile and tractable than the Indian or the New Zealander,—and therefore life to him along with the white man is not unendurable; but he is not so clever or capable of so much self-action as the Hindoo, to whom nobody presumes to say that the powers of self-government should be confided. The African has long been the recipient of our warmest sympathy. We felt ourselves disgraced as a nation, while we ourselves kept him in bondage. The horrors of his passage as a captive from his own shores to those of slave-trading nations, made us his friend. The unlimited slavery of the Southern States taught us to feel that some great thing was needed in the American Union before the American States could be regarded as a free land. The small remaining stains of slavery in Cuba and Brazil are odious to us, and we feel that they must be eradicated. All this is in our nature;—but it is not in our nature to regard the negro as our equal. With all our frenzy of romance about “a man and a brother,” no white man, certainly no community of white men, has been taught to regard the negro as the white man's equal. Marriage with him or with her would contaminate the white woman or the white man. With all the chances that have been given to him the negro has as yet done nothing for himself. He becomes neither rich, nor wise, nor powerful, nor eloquent. We recognise him, when in our kindest moods towards him, as a full-grown child, whom it is pleasant to indulge with songs and supper, and evening laughter. It was terrible that he should be a slave,—more terrible perhaps for the possessor than for the possessed;—but because he is to be a slave no longer, we need not therefore declare him to be fit to rule the white man, knowing well in our hearts that he is unfit.

But the injustice and cruelty of Reconstruction in these Southern States does not hang at all upon the question of the negro's capability of performing the duties of a citizen. The difficulty of explaining such cruelty lies in this,—that the ordinary Englishman, judging by the condition of his own country, will see no reason why the negro should not vote. With us there is no reason why a negro should not be esteemed as politically equal to the white man if he can show himself to have attained equal standing. There is no good reason why a negro should not vote with us, if he occupies a house and pays

his rates. Of course he could so vote, if duly registered. Why then should he not have the same right in South Carolina? Perhaps no answer to this question can be so convincing as the reiteration of the statement that he cannot vote in Pennsylvania or Ohio,—or in New York, except under two almost prohibitory qualifications. With us in England, the vote of the negro can amount to nothing. In New York it could not amount to much;—but there is the possibility of a negro population, and the risk must be avoided. In Ohio and Pennsylvania the white men will not subject themselves to the chance that their political selections should be influenced by the voice of negroes. Men in the United States vote in tribes,—not as we do, single-handed; and they vote with the ballot. The negroes in any State would almost certainly vote as a single body. But in these Southern States the negro vote will be omnipotent. It is probable that the Legislature in South Carolina as retained under this reconstructed Constitution will send negro Senators to Washington. There is no reason whatsoever why it should not do so. Is there any philo-negrist living who will go the length of saying that negro Senators will do honour to the Senate of the United States?

But here, in these Southern States, the negro who is now to be politically omnipotent was but yesterday a slave;—and the race over whom he is to be omnipotent is the race that yesterday owned him. In which side in the bargain, for the late slave or for the late master, can there be good? Is it conceivable by the mind of man that political relations on such a basis can be maintained? It can be thought by no man that it will be for the good of either. It will send the white man through fire and water;—and as for the poor black man, it will be his death-blow. But for a time it will enhance political power in the hands of a certain party in the South, and it will,—also for a time,—enable the conquerors to trample on the conquered. These poor wretches who are called upon to vote, to make Senators and to be Senators, to make judges and to be judges, to rule their State, to collect and use taxation, and to bring back to a condition of order and prosperity cities and territories which have been crushed by Civil War as no land was ever crushed before, are they who were yesterday toiling in fear of the lash! They cannot read. They do not know their own ages,—hardly their own names. They are houseless,—fed by means of institutions, called freedmen's bureaux, on the taxes of the country, creatures in the lowest condition of humanity. If it be possible that the negro should be the white man's equal, is it possible that he should be so when just turned adrift from slavery to find his bread as best he may amidst such a turmoil as that which now necessarily prevails in these unfortunate States? Is his a condition in which he may probably commence his high duties as a free citizen with advantage to himself or to others?

We beg to refer to the table of the adult male population and of the registered voters in these States, which we have given above, that the reader may see what will be the effect of these new Constitutions in each of those States which are now "reconstructed." What may be the fate of Virginia and Texas we do not yet know. In Mississippi the new Constitution has just been thrown out by the votes of a portion of the negroes,—the party manipulation there not having been so perfect as elsewhere. We have no hesitation in speaking thus of the negro vote; for the slave of yesterday, whether he vote on one side or the other, is equally ignorant of that for which he votes. Whether he be used as a tool by the Northern conquerors, or be induced to be so used by his late masters, he is equally a tool. In Mississippi, for the present the Constitution has been lost. It has been voted in Arkansas, and sanctioned in a separate bill by Congress. Constitutions for the other six States have also been sanctioned by Congress in one bill, although as regards Alabama the State Convention did not vote the Constitution. In Arkansas and North Carolina it is probable that white voters will predominate, and that the negro will not be in the ascendant. In Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, practically in Georgia, and ultimately no doubt in Mississippi, the negro will have everything his own way. He will be called upon to decide in what way he shall be governed,—as he has done for some time past in St. Domingo; and he will also be called upon to decide how the white man shall be governed. We may, at any rate, assert safely that no such form of government has hitherto been tried on the face of God's earth. Of negro communities there are many,—that of St. Domingo being the one which has been produced by the civilised and educated negro;—those in Africa showing the extent to which the negro has advanced without contact with the white man. No one, perhaps, can be justified in receiving much promise even for a Liberia from what the negro hitherto has done in the way of self-government. So little, hitherto, has been the advance made that the philanthropist can hardly bring himself to sanction the idea of negroes, turned loose from the white man's care, to live among themselves in any earthly Eden that may be found to be most fitted for them by climate and fertility. But here, in these Southern States,—which hitherto have been in the hands of one of the most aristocratic race of white men that have ever domineered over their dependants,—here the Liberia of the negro is not to be a Liberia simply for himself alone, but one in which he in his turn may domineer over that aristocratic white man who so lately was his owner. Oh that we might imagine the shades of Wilberforce and Clarkson, of Buxton and of Brougham, regarding and realizing these new Constitutions;—and contemplating the fate of two million unfortunate slaves, just liberated from slavery, and desired to form governments, and to rule themselves and their white brethren!

That the political virtues of the greatest of men should thus pave the way to the foulest of political crimes ! It has been simply a crime. For this was not done with any mistaken notion that the enfranchised negro can in truth go at once to the top of the ladder, and become a wise legislator, a true councillor, a fit governor for himself and others. It is done, not with this view, but in order that the political power of a dominant party may maintain its supremacy throughout the Union. For that object it has been thought to be expedient to risk a war of races ; to place the white man and the black man in deadly antagonism to each other,—in an antagonism which the white man will thoroughly understand, and by which the black man will be confounded without understanding it ; to create forms of government in the Southern States in direct opposition to the meaning of the Constitution, in agreement with which the Southern as well as the Northern States abandoned a portion of their own autonomy ; and to perpetuate an animosity from the South towards the North, which will become more bitter in peace than it was even in war ! Under these new arrangements, if they could be made to remain, no doubt the votes from the Southern States would be given for Northern,—or, perhaps we had better say, for Republican candidates. They will be so given for a time. In this presidential election the States which shall have been “reconstructed” when the time for voting arrives, will probably support the Republican candidate. Republican Senators and Republican Representatives will no doubt be sent to Congress. Even now the new Senators who have been already admitted would have turned the scale altogether against the President had impeachment been delayed till these days. So much undoubtedly has been gained by the partizans who have forced negro ascendancy upon the unfortunate Southern States. And there has, too, been a realization of the pleasure which is felt in thoroughly abasing an enemy. The rebel has been made to feel his punishment. He has been brought to the dust. He has been a rebel, and no one shall believe his word. He has been a rebel, and there can be no good in him. He has been a rebel, and the privilege of living, and that only, shall be allowed to him. No contumely, no despair, no misery can be too profound for him, or too enduring. Let there be a political hell upon earth for the Southerners,—whose hell, in other respects, is fierce enough ;—and let that hell be so contrived as to assist us in our political heaven. Those are the tenets of the Northern conquerors towards their vanquished enemy.*

History has often told us of bloody reprisals, of sanguinary vengeance, of Tarpeian rocks, of scaffolds, and of fusillades, as prepared

* There is a distinguished Senator now in the Senate whose mention of a rebel is as incessant as enthusiastic, and as trustworthy as was that of Titus Oates of a Papist. May the persistency of this Senator never bring him to the same punishment !

by conquerors for the conquered. Hitherto no drop of blood has, I believe, been taken on the American continent in punishment for the sins of secession. The people are not a bloody-minded people. Personally they can forgive. Jefferson Davis, the civil leader of secession, is out on his parole, awaiting a long delayed trial, which, in all probability, will never take place. General Lee is living in semi-military employment in his State, not only unharmed, but honoured and esteemed. There is no thirst for the blood of any man. But there is a hankering for political domination in the hearts of uninstructed men,—of men who know little or nothing that history would teach them,—which has produced a tyranny to which the world has hardly ever seen the like. The Northern and the Southern States had been fighting for political supremacy long before the war broke out. For many years the Southern men prevailed, chiefly by means of their better political organisation. The men whom the Southern States sent to Congress were allowed to remain there till they had learned their business, whereas those from the North were changed almost as often as the constitutional rules would admit. In this way the Southern leaders achieved and kept political power. But the flowing tide of Northern population at length broke this down. The Republican party prevailed at the national elections, and secession was the consequence. The Republicans feel that they have fought their battle and won it, and are determined that the reward of victory, that political power,—which means political patronage and political plunder,—shall remain in their hands. By the help of the negro the Southern white man shall be held down powerless in the dust.

There never has been a tyranny attempted so wide in its reach and so cruel in its measures. The Pole can submit to the Russian,—not, indeed, without national degradation, but without personal disgrace. The Italian, who was accustomed to see the Austrian soldier in his streets and in his theatres, was subjected to a hateful enemy; but there was no feeling of individual loathing against his master. In each case the tyranny has been very bad. But what was such tyranny to the subjection of the white men of the Southern States to the negro who the other day was his slave? The Russian, too, and the Austrian, had some fitness for the task of dominion. Here they who are the least fit have been chosen,—so that the degradation may be perfect.

But it is out of the question that such a condition of things should be permanent,—or that it should endure even for a short course of years. It might be as well ordained that dogs should rule, and that men should obey them. The distance from the North is too great to admit of the continuance of Northern influence; and Northern men who come down to enjoy their privileges and power, will become as Southern men. The negro will naturally yield to the white man at

his elbow. He will have no wish of his own but to yield, and to be governed, and to do after some fashion that which some white man may tell him. Let him be called a voter, a legislator, a senator, a judge, or what not, he will willingly allow himself to be manipulated by the white hands that he sees closest to him. After a short while he will vote as his white neighbour bids him. But in the meantime,—till this frenzied energy of Northern interference shall of a necessity have passed away,—the poor negro will have no friend. But he will have an enemy in every white man who knows him. He may for a while get food from a freedman's bureau, but that alone will not preserve him and his race. The probable result will be that, within the next four years, the negroes in the Southern States will be reduced in number more quickly than have been the white men since the war began.

In the meantime, with the object of maintaining the political power which was for so many years kept out of his hands, and for which he and his have fought so many battles, the Northern politician finds nothing too corrupt for his political conscience, or too extravagant for his political ambition. Everything to him is fair, and nothing to him foolish by which the extent of his political power may be increased, or its duration prolonged. The consequence is that throughout the whole of the United States, in cities which are known to be Republican as well as in those known to be Democratic, in Boston as well as in New York, in Philadelphia as well as in Baltimore, one hears the same cry on every side. "We are brought to the dust, to shame and disgrace, among ourselves, and among other nations, by the iniquity of those who call themselves politicians, and who have undertaken to rule us." No man can travel through the States with his ears open and not find that this is the voice of the people. The Americans are no longer proud of their public men. As a people they are ashamed of their Congress. They declare openly that votes are bought and sold. The necessity for established agents between venal legislators and their clients has made a new profession. All men know it, and say it openly; and yet it is continued. Why this should be so,—how it has come to pass that the honestest, and best, and wisest among Americans have allowed political affairs to fall out of their hands, and have submitted to be ruled by inferior spirits, while they apply their energies to all subjects other than those which are political, is a subject too long for us to discuss at the end of this paper; but we venture to think that the injustice which is now being worked in the South by the corruption and ambition of Northern legislators will find its cure in its own exaggerated dimensions.

A SONG OF ANGIOLA IN HEAVEN.

FLOWERS,—that have died upon my Sweet,
Lulled by the rhythmic dancing beat
Of her young bosom under you,—
Now will I shew you such a thing
As never, through thick buds of spring,
Betwixt the daylight and the dew,
The Bird whose being no man knows—
The voice that waketh all night through,
Tells to the Rose.

For lo,—a garden-place I found,
Well filled of leaves, and stilled of sound,
Well flowered, with red fruit marvellous ;
And twixt the shining trunks would flit
Tall knights and silken maids, or sit
With faces bent and amorous ;—
There, in the heart thereof, and crowned
With woodbine and amaracus,
My Love I found.

Alone she walked,—ah, well I wis,
My heart leapt up for joy of this !—
Then when I called to her her name,—
The name, that like a pleasant thing
Men's lips remember,—murmuring,—
At once across the sward she came,
Full fain she seemed, my own dear maid,
And asked ever as she came,
“ Where hast thou stayed ? ”

“ Where hast thou stayed ? ”—she asked as though
The long years were an hour ago ;
But I spake not, nor answered,
For, looking in her eyes, I saw,
A light not lit of mortal law ;
And in her clear cheek's changeless red,
And sweet, unshaken speaking found
That in this place the Hours were dead,
And Time was bound.

"This is well done,"—she said,—“in thee,
O Love, that thou art come to me,
To this green garden glorious ;
Now truly shall our life be sped
In joyance and all goodlihed,
For here all things are fair to us,
And none with burden is opprest,
And none is poor or piteous,
For here is rest.

"No formless Future blurs the sky ;
Men mourn not here, with dull dead eye,
By shrouded shapes of Yesterday ;
Betwixt the Coming and the Past
The flawless life hangs fixen fast
In one unwearying To-Day,
That darkens not ; for Sin is shriven,
And Death from out the doors is cast,
And here is Heaven."

At "Heaven" she ceased ;—and lifted up
Her fair head like a flower cup,
With rounded mouth, and eyes aglow ;
Then set I lips to hers, and felt,—
Ah, God,—the hard pain fade and melt,
And past things change to painted show ;
The sweet, clear quiring of the birds outbroke ;
The lit leaves laughed,—sky shook, and lo,
I swooned,—and woke.

And now, O Flowers,
—Ye that indeed are dead,—
Now for all waiting hours,
Well am I comforted ;
For of a surety, now, I see,
That, without dim distress
Of tears, or weariness,
My Lady, verily, awaiteth me ;
So that until with Her I be,
For my dear Lady's sake
I am right fain to make
Out from my pain a pillow, and to take
Grief for a golden garment unto me ;
Knowing that I, at last, shall stand
In that green garden-land,
And, to the holding of my dear Love's hand,
Forget the grieving and the misery.

OUR ARCHITECTURE.

To count the cost before beginning to build the house was probably as good advice long before Solomon's time as ever it has been since; and probably, too, it was quite as little regarded. The present moment, when we are about to build two houses, one for the national pictures and one for the lawyers, does indeed call for a careful counting of the cost: the cost, not in money only, nor indeed in national reputation for architectural taste, for that is not very high; but in the probable waste of great opportunities. And by a greater piece of good fortune than even a little while ago seemed possible, we find that in the case of the Law Courts a like decision to that previously come to touching the gallery, has been announced,—namely, that no one of the submitted designs will be chosen as it stands. Though the satisfaction which must be felt at this is tempered by the accompanying suggestions, yet any delay is gain, because it may be turned to good account in getting public notice directed to the subject, and so perhaps by good fortune arriving at a rational result. There is good hope that the suggestion of employing jointly two architects, being manifestly absurd, may be abandoned, notwithstanding the modest instancing, by one of the joint architects of the new Downing Street offices, of the manner in which a like combination of himself and his colleague has been found to work. However these gentlemen may have succeeded in making things pleasant, the result as at present seen in the building will hardly dispose the public to regard the arrangement with the like complacency.

That buildings to serve after a certain fashion the purposes for which they are intended, could be designed, not only by any of the invited architects, separately or in combination, and by scores of others as well, but by perhaps nearly every draughtsman employed in the office of any one of them, is scarcely to be doubted. The art, if it can be called so, of the architect has become nearly as mechanical a process as the making of a pair of trows was in the hands of Fergus M'Ivor's tailor. But to make a building the visible expression of its purpose is the part of the true artist; and, though we have looked in vain for such a man, the present occasion may perhaps, if fair play be given, call one forth. But what, save failure, can be looked for whilst there is, as at all events is the case with the Law Courts, a foregone conclusion as to the style to be adopted? A conclusion sought to be justified by a fallacy which, though as trans-

parent as it is absurd, is yet the main cause of the low state of architecture as a fine art; and this fallacy we propose to point out.

Mr. J. Beresford-Hope, who, it must be owned, was but repeating a common cry, said in the House in reply to a question, with the superfine air of omniscience characteristic of Saturday Reviewers, that the "only" reason for inviting the competition of such architects alone as are known to be devoted to the so-called Gothic style was, that as the design was to be for English Law Courts, so it ought to be in the English style of architecture. Now as this gentleman is one of the commissioners who are to decide upon a design for the new gallery, persons diffident of their own knowledge of the subject, and with an awful idea of a commissioner, may be led by that fact to think his opinion of great weight; and the more so, that in the House itself nobody thought proper to correct him. But at this little surprise need be felt, seeing that it is a house mainly composed of the same members who, with seeming satisfaction, heard Mr. Cowper, in defending the ridiculous and feeble Westminster Crimean memorial, describe it as a classical column.

There never has been any style with a just claim to be called English. Architecture, in middle-aged and modern Europe, has been a thing of periods, not of nations. There has undoubtedly been in each country a smack of the soil, giving to the buildings of each a character more or less distinctive: in the most widely differing examples in various countries showing difference enough to constitute, say, a variety, not a species; and in the most nearly alike, showing little or none. And this holds quite as good with so-called Classic as with so-called Gothic. If nationality is to be the ground of choice, the Elizabethan style has as strong a claim as any other; but it may be taken for granted that its claim will find no supporters. Though, vicious as this style is, it is doubtful whether its adoption would not, on grounds which will presently appear, involve a less absurdity than would that of any one of the lately exhibited designs. To try to beg the question by speaking of Gothic as English, is either ignorant or disingenuous; and indeed the attempt is particularly out of place, seeing that most of the designs have a good deal of Continental character.

A few general considerations will help us to the true bearings of the question. The merit of a style is in direct proportion to its fitness to current wants, manners, and customs. It ought to be the natural outgrowth of its period; and every style deserving of the name has been so. To say that the architecture of the fifteenth century is fit for the nineteenth is in effect to say that it was unfit for the fifteenth: to say that it was fit, as it undoubtedly was,—admirably fit,—for the fifteenth, is to prove that it is unfit for us. It could not be otherwise unless the social life had remained the same. The greater the reverence and admiration reasonably felt for the exquisite architecture of the Middle Ages, the greater will be the

reluctance of any one who understands the first principles of art, to imitate that architecture in the buildings of to-day. In proportion to the resemblance of the men and manners of to-day to the men and manners of any by-gone time will be the fitness of the architecture of the latter to serve the purposes of the former. This age naturally differs in many important respects from any other, and it is much to be wished that a distinctive character should be stamped upon its buildings. Yet one feature of the present age is its want of individuality, and perhaps therefore the very want of distinctiveness may be looked upon as a distinction. "The individual," says Mr. Tennyson, "withers, and the world is more and more." Failing the power to produce an original style, the next best thing would be the adoption of one of a time nearly assimilating in its usages to our own. Do we find this assimilation in any of the periods of Gothic? Certainly not. Beautifully adapted as Gothic forms were to the then conditions of life, they are as little so to those now existing as would be for a home for the full-fledged bird, the egg-shell from which it once issued. To an age which read little and wrote little, and which had but few indoor occupations; when public worship was almost wholly ceremonial, and which knew glass, either not at all, or as a rare and costly luxury, styles more fit cannot be conceived: but, as beforehand we should expect to find, so we do in fact know, that when the conditions of life altered, men abandoned the old forms, and endeavoured to create a style more fitted to their wants.

Our judgment may be assisted by a rapid glance at the steps by which the perfection of the Pointed style was reached. The first undoubtedly was a rude imitation of the architecture of Rome and Greece by the northern races. The influence of Greek and Roman forms is plainly visible in the Norman or Romanesque style; but it is but an influence, not a reproduction. An individuality reflecting the wants and ways of the builders, and probably influenced by the materials in which they had been accustomed to work, shows itself in what is in effect an original style,—picturesque, if barbarous. The rude and stunted columns and the narrow window-openings are appropriate to an age of rough and hardy habits, little accustomed to indoor life, and unacquainted with the use of glass. The influence of classic forms is still seen, but more faintly and only in the ornaments, in the succeeding style, the Pointed, which was a natural, and probably in several countries simultaneous, evolution from the Romanesque by a soundly artistic process on the part of the mediæval architects, who, eliminating by degrees the borrowed forms and making successive adaptations to the wants of an increasing, if still imperfect, civilisation,—and, in particular, by taking advantage of the more easy and cheaper production of glass,—produced a style which in its successive developments possessed perhaps more picturesque beauty than does any other that the world has yet seen.

Let us for a moment consider the influence which the single material, glass, would naturally have upon building. Anciently, in the beautiful climate of Southern Europe,—probably then even more genial than now, because the land was better cultivated, and where glass was as a building material practically unknown,—the light and air required were generally admitted freely from the top; but where openings in the walls were used they were in character like those of our modern houses. But in the North, to keep out the weather by a substantial roof was a first necessity; and for a like reason, and for security from violence, the window openings were made very small. When glass became more easily procurable, light could be admitted without the probable accompaniment of rain and wind, and the size of the openings was increased; but as glass was precious, and in the leaden frames in which it was mounted was liable to damage if the openings were large, the plan was invented of subdividing one large opening into several smaller ones, which, woven and interlaced in the upper part of the openings, became, under the name of tracery, one of the crowning glories of the Pointed styles. The mediæval artists, giving free play to their fancy in the devising of an endless variety of graceful forms, converted, by the means by which it was surmounted, what was really an obstacle into a source of beauty. But with the costliness of glass passed away for ever the necessity for tracery; and now, as ever since, its use is a mockery and a sham. Let any one consider whether in a building in which plenty of light is required,—and in what modern building is it not?—he would take away, as by the use of tracery he must, a great portion of the upper, and therefore the most light-affording part of his window-openings. There can be but one answer: except, perhaps, from a professed Gothicismist.

The new civilisation resembled more the civilisation of antiquity than it did the barbarism of the Middle Ages, but was not identical with it. In casting aside mediæval usages it cast aside also its architecture, and sought new models in the classic remains. It did not, however, slavishly reproduce them,—that absurdity was reserved for a later day,—but it took them, as it were, for a motive; and though adopting certain of its forms,—not, however, without considerable modifications,—it used them but as factors in new combinations; so that the result was the creation of a style which, though it may not deserve to be called original, yet did possess much originality;—a style which, lacking alike the exquisite grace and delicate beauty of antiquity and the rich and overflowing fancy of the Middle Ages, is yet infinitely better adapted than the architecture of either to the wants of that particular period. The buildings of an age are, so to speak, the clothes in which its institutions are apparelled. Westminster Hall was a noble and appropriate banqueting-room for Richard the Second; but to build a like one for Queen Victoria would be as childish a sham as was the Eglinton tournament.

Wherever a modern Gothic building has proved convenient for its purpose, it has been by sinking all that gave character to the genuine Gothic. The new Manchester courts are said to be very successful; but, judging from prints, the Gothic is but skin-deep. The lines are mainly horizontal, and, so far at any rate as the outside of the building goes, a mere change of details would make it quite as good a specimen of Classic as it is at present of Gothic work. The paramount necessities of abundant light and ventilation, ease of access, and the ordinary appliances of modern comfort, are incompatible with the Gothic lines. Either we must sacrifice utility and convenience to our Gothic, or we must so modify our Gothic as to make it neither Gothic nor anything else. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

The great experiment of our own times in that style,—the Palace of Westminster,—is, as might have been foretold, a wretched failure. The miserable building is absolutely smothered by its decorations,—decorations silly and unmeaning, lifeless imitations of the living work of by-gone days, imitations wholly wanting in the spirit and purpose which, notwithstanding their crude art, enabled the old carvers to endow their work with grandeur. Take, throughout the building, more particularly the human and other effigies in stone or glass in which it has been attempted to preserve the Gothic character. Through the stiff and ill-drawn forms of real mediæval work a vitality struggles to reveal itself, and shows that the carver's conception was in advance of his technical skill to give it form and substance. Here, on the contrary, the technical skill is all, and the conception nothing. The chaff is carefully garnered, the grain is wholly lost. The one is like the hesitating utterance of great and noble thoughts by an unready speaker; the other like the prattle of a foolish parasite who tries to give importance to his empty commonplaces by imitating the tone and manner of his master. Another, perhaps more than commonly striking, instance of this false taste is to be seen in the lions at the base of the Westminster Crimean memorial. The defence attempted for these and their like is that they are meant to be grotesque. But this is the very head and front of their offending. A story is told either by or of Ménage:—Some one produced an epigram to which it was objected that it was bad, that it had no point. "Oh," says the author, "you must not make that an objection; it is not meant to have any point; it is an epigram à la grecque." Presently at dinner some soup was served, which the epigrammatist complained was bad and insipid. "Oh," says the other, "you must not make that an objection. It is soup à la grecque."

The conditions of life among us to-day are no doubt different from those of the days of Wren and Jones, but not materially so. Indeed, in comparison with those of the Edwards and Henrys, they may be considered identical with our own. It seems, therefore, to follow that if, in the lack of architects worthy of their art, we must be content

to repeat the art of others, we should choose that of the later date. To this it may be said that on these grounds the plaster abominations of the later Georges should a fortiori be our models. The answer obviously is that the style is in most cases essentially the same, but debased and vulgarised; and where it is not the same, the same error in principle, against which protest is now made, was committed in the slavish and silly imitations of the buildings of other styles and other countries. For instance, the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, the Brighton Pavilion, and a host of others. Servile imitation of this kind, whether it be of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, or of a fifteenth-century church, is humiliating in the last degree. The most "sweetly pretty" of the fashionable architect's designs, which are the admiration of enthusiastic girls and mild curates, are but the culmination of the false taste which had its beginning at Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey. If we are to imitate any particular style, we may reasonably take the best period of it. But must we be for ever imitators only? Must we for ever limp with unequal steps in the foot-prints of the dead past? Must we for ever see Corinthian and Ionic, First-Pointed and Second-Pointed, Italian and Renaissance, Romanesque and Byzantine? Certainly it seems proved that if it depended upon an eleven of gentlemen in good practice, we should have to do so. But surely we may hope for better things. There are signs in this very city, in even some of the warehouses and like buildings, that a sounder knowledge of the principles of taste is growing up. A palace of justice, or a national gallery, is a higher flight, it is true; but if the intelligence of the kingdom be asked to essay its powers, it may well be expected that far worthier designs will be produced than any of those by the chosen few. All England against "The Eleven" is All the World to Nothing.

One of the first steps towards the production of a good design, be it for what purpose it may, is the full understanding that it *must*, by its character, express its purpose. At present it would seem as if designs were made beforehand, without reference to any purpose in particular; so that on a design being wanted for a picture gallery or a railway station, it may come in equally well for either, or for anything else. One architect having by him a design which happens to be rather like St. Paul's, and another having one rather like the Cannon Street Station, and several more architects having other designs which respectively have their resemblances, each and all may, with a little judicious cooking, fit their designs with plans to pass muster for the required purpose. And beyond doubt, in these limited competitions for the Courts and the Gallery, great ability has been shown in the planning. Of the kind of talent required for the, so to speak, mechanical part of a design, the arrangement of the plan, which is undoubtedly a highly important part, there is abundance; and there has seldom been a stronger call for its display than in the planning

of these Courts, which is a most difficult task. The plan is not only very important, but in some respects far the most important part of all. To those who are to use the building it is so; but to the rest of London, of England, even of the world, the fine art part of the question is the chief. And there is no question of one or the other: it should be one and the other. There need be no sacrifice of usefulness to beauty, or of beauty to usefulness; on the contrary, to the true artist a high degree of the one would be a means in reaching an equal degree of the other.

With respect to the National Gallery, the commissioners have joined to their rejection of the submitted plans an expression of admiration for that particular design, the chief feature of which is an enormously large dome. The advantage of this dome internally as part of a picture gallery is not obvious; and in the climate of Rome and Florence an objection to it externally might have been made: but in London, with our bright sun, and clear, cloudless, and smokeless air, and our long bright winter days, we may well afford to have the horizontal rays of a three o'clock, P.M., December sun intercepted by its enormous and expensive bulk. It is gratifying to know that it is to the delicate sense of propriety of the author of this design that we owe the "happy thought" of the erection in the courtyard of a metropolitan railway station and hotel, and at a considerable distance from the site which the original is supposed to have occupied, a pretended copy of the cross which marked a resting-place of Queen Eleanor's bier.

That a form of building which should give free play to the modern ways of life should be originated is, especially at this moment, earnestly to be wished. Its full development must come by degrees. But surely no man with a brain can do other than know that this age wants a style as different from Classic or Gothic as are coat and waistcoat from doublet and hose, or toga and chlamys. Surely there must be brain enough somewhere in England to put us on the right track; some Columbus to show us how to balance the egg. If we cannot get something appropriate it would be better even to have something purely negative than to have a wretched masquerade in the garments of our ancestors.

The want of appreciation of true principles on the part of our modern Gothicists, shows itself in several differing degrees of bad taste, which may respectively be described in a technical manner as the First, Second, and Third Want-of-Point-ed styles. The first, and least objectionable, is seen in such buildings as the Martyrs' Cross at Oxford. This shows simply the pedantry of false taste. The second shows itself in the above-named Charing Cross Hotel Cross, in which to the above fault is added that of an outrage upon a sentiment, and a quasi forgery. The third, and worst, displays itself in what is facetiously called the restoration of mediæval buildings. In this case

both the above sins are usually preceded by a large destruction of the remains of the genuine work which the new is to replace ; and then, by a paring and re-chiselling and scouring of such old work as is allowed to remain, the vigorous work of the old artist-workmen is brought down to the level of that of our workmen-artists. It is from such a fate that Westminster Abbey had, as may be seen in Dean Stanley's just-published "*Memorials*," not long since a narrow escape : an escape which the present writer has the vanity to think he perhaps had the honour of helping to effect.

It is rather strange that the absurdity of this affectation of mediævalism, which would be patent enough if shown in other things, should in a building be quietly accepted. A man having a collection of antique armour will take care of it, as well he may ; and, if his tastes that way lie, will study each suit, will know every joint and buckle, and the use of each part as well as the armourer who forged it, or the knight who wore it : but he never thinks of ordering a new pair of wrought-iron pantaloons on the old pattern, that he may wear them at the dinner-table or the opera. If he did it would, in case of an adverse will, be a lucky thing for the heir-at-law. Lord John Manners, if he were at the War Office, would probably not want to put the cavalry into plate armour cap-à-pied, even if it were starting for Abyssinia.

The fact is we have kept a very tight hold of the saddle, but we have completely lost the horse : so completely, indeed, that though he is certainly gone forward along the road, many of us are going back along it to look for him. It will, too, be rather hard upon the archaeologists of a few hundred years hence. Pity the sorrows of a poor antiquary who shall discover, say far north in Scotland, a church, early Norman in style. How his eyes sparkle ! Nothing was known of the Normans having penetrated here. He has made a discovery : he will throw new light upon history. The style is something feeble, it is true ; but it is clearly of about 1100 A.D. Then the stone comes from a quarry many miles off, and in a spot which clearly must have been inaccessible to wheels before the present road was made. This proves that the road must have been in existence before 1100. Wonderful race, the Normans ! Again, he finds in the work some characteristic previously supposed to have been introduced about the time of Victoria I., or Edward VII. ; and he thinks, with Alphonse Karr, that, after all, inventions are only things that the world has had time to forget. So he muses and moralizes, and goes on peering among the mouldering stones until at last he comes to the foundation, where he finds a glass bottle which, more elated than ever, he pounces upon, and, opening it, learns that the first stone of this church was laid in the year 1868.

A STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.

III.

As the first day at Waldstadt was, so were those that followed. The only change was that wrought by time in the relations between the two mothers-in-law, whose mutual animosity increased daily. It was a struggle for mastery, in which sometimes one, sometimes the other, had the best of it. His reverence for his mother, his own tastes and early habits, disposed Waldstein to few changes. On the other hand, there was his passion for his wife, and, because of her, his desire to satisfy Mrs. Willington. He was a man who hated strife—indeed, turmoil of any kind; and peace, he began to see, was the one thing he could not obtain. Paris and Baden had been all very well in their way occasionally in his bachelor days; now, to live in his Schloss from one year's end to the other seemed to him the obvious scheme of existence for married folk, to whom "the world" could offer few allurements. No doubt there would be a visit to Kreuznach now and then,—most Germans regard mineral waters as an article of physical faith,—or some such deadly-lively bath, where gambling is not, and pleasure-seekers never resort. Other years, too, there might possibly be a little tour in Switzerland or Tyrol, when he and his Margaret would see the sun rise from mountain-tops, and talk sentiment on moonlit lakes, and live the old brief love-making days over again. Such had been the prospect to which he had looked forward; and now that he drew near to where the reality should be, lo! like the *Fata Morgana*, the vision melted hourly away. In Mrs. Willington's presence, at least, nothing like it would ever be; and if, under any circumstances, Margaret could have been brought to accept cheerfully the conditions of life he proposed at Schloss Waldstein, she certainly never would do so as long as her mother was at her side. It was all very easy to say, as the Gräfin did not hesitate to do most decidedly, "Send her away, my son. She is an irreligious, world-loving woman, who corrupts the heart of thy wife. Send her away." But loving her mother as Margaret did, accustomed, as she had been, to regard everything with her mother's eyes, such a step would have required more force of character than Rudolph von Waldstein possessed. Mrs. Willington's complaints wearied, and her frivolity

disgusted him ; he generally took refuge in an obstinate silence from her dolorous or angry remonstrances. At the end of the second month he disliked her almost more than his mother did ; he longed, with an unutterable longing, to get rid of her, and he did not know how to do it.

One day General von Hanecke came over. It was a blessed break in the day's monotony ; he was greeted by Mrs. Willington as he never had been greeted before. She monopolised him ; poured forth her lamentations in his ear ; informed him, in confidence, that her daughter would certainly never submit to this life for very long ; accused Rudolph of indifference to her comfort, and declared that Schloss Waldstein was little better than a prison. As to herself, she said the life was killing her by inches. Had she but known what it was, with that dreadful old woman, in whose hands Rudolph was as dough, nothing should have induced her to consent to the marriage. Why did not General von Hanecke warn her ? She had been deceived, too, in fancying her son-in-law to be a much richer man than he was. The stinginess of all the arrangements at the Schloss,—the meanness of that old woman,—were beyond description. In her country, why the poorest lady would be above doing the things this countess did ! It was abominable !

Under his well-fed jollity, and apparent indifference to all serious matters, the old General had a reserved stock of good sense, which, like his powder, he was always careful to keep dry. He did not waste it on Mrs. Willington. But he took Waldstein aside before leaving, and, looking gravely in his face, said,—

"There is not room for two suns in the same heaven, lieber Freund."

"What do you mean, General ?"

"That either the gracious lady-mother or Frau Willington,—one or other,—will have to leave this house."

"Certainly it will not be my mother," said the Count, with a touch of heat. "No power on earth,—neither wife nor any one else,—should ever get me to turn my mother out of the home which has been hers nearly forty years."

"Then it must be the dear bride's mother, lieber Waldstein, and the sooner the better."

But a month later, when he came again, she was still there ; and the last state of that woman was, as he had foreseen, worse than the first. Scenes were of constant occurrence which must have worn out the patience of Job in time ; and Waldstein, in spite,—perhaps because,—of his inherent weakness, it must be confessed, had an almost patriarchal measure of that virtue. His mother's righteous wrath, his wife's fears, Mrs. Willington's reproaches, could not have gone on for ever. "*Gutta cavat lapidem.*" Some day or other, his

anger mastering him, he would have turned the latter lady out of his house, I suppose. It is a pity he did not do so.

Mrs. Willington would voluntarily have withdrawn her forces long since, and have sought for consolation in the Rue de la Paix; but without remittances from America, she found herself constrained to remain where she was; and the remittances did not arrive. Crippled by past extravagance, she must eat the Waldstein bread for the present, and wish, as best she might, for a good time coming. As to altering the state of things at the Schloss, she began almost to despair of it; but she saw a hope of deliverance,—of deliverance for herself and her daughter. Though she wisely said nothing of it, it was this hope which sustained her through the greater part of that dreary winter, passed in the reading of French novels, in correspondence with Paris and New York, in sharp verbal encounters with Madame Mère, and in stirring up her daughter to fearful discontent.

In May Mrs. Willington thought it time that her project should ooze out; for in August Margaret hoped to become a mother. One morning, therefore, finding Rudolph alone, Mrs. Willington opened the campaign, by saying,—

“Dear Margaret is looking very ill. The change in her cannot have escaped you.”

Now his wife's pallor and dejection Waldstein had attributed, and so had Madame Mère, quite as much to that constant blister, her mother's tongue, as to her condition.

“I understand that she should be kept as quiet and free from irritating discussion as possible,” he said.

“Ah! you may say that! I am sure it is not I who ever wish to have discussions. But if you were only as observant of her as you once were, Rudolph, you would see what it is that is preying on her mind.”

He was used to this sort of language now; he was silent, for he was determined he would not do as he was expected, and ask “What?”

“She is very, very nervous about her confinement, Rudolph.”

“She ought to take more exercise, Mrs. Willington. She scarcely ever drives with me now; and my mother says——”

“Oh, don't tell me what the Gräfin says, Rudolph. I tell you Margaret is exceedingly weak, and cannot stand the shaking of that carriage of yours.”

“She might walk a little.”

“No, she cannot walk. The Gräfin is always at her about walking, but her system would kill Margaret at once. Your mother cannot understand a delicate organization like my child's—and fortunately Margaret is not completely under her thumb, to do just as she orders You might see, indeed, that it is partly a dread of all these violent measures, and all the Gräfin's talk about death, and

preparation for another world, that is preying on my child. In short, as the time draws near, she is consumed by a terror of being confined in this out-of-the-way place, with nobody to attend her but that stupid old Doctor Strumpf. She has a presentiment that she will die in his hands."

"There is an eminent surgeon at Constance, whom we can send for."

"But it is not only the surgeon, it is the place—the place and your mother's depressing influence. If she is confined here, she says she knows she shall die."

Waldstein was annoyed and distressed; not that he believed Mrs. Willington implicitly, but that he knew her influence over her daughter, and that if she so willed it, she could succeed in making Margaret seriously nervous and unhappy. He walked away with a sigh: as he invariably did when he wished to terminate a discussion with his mother-in-law.

But the conversation left its mark. Argue as he might to himself about it, the sight of Margaret's worn face and piteous eyes, at times recalled her mother's words in a distressing manner. Mrs. Willington let them work silently, as regarded Rudolph; to her daughter she never ceased to dilate upon the horrors of a long illness, bound hand and foot under the tyranny of Madame Mère, and upon the clumsiness and stupidity of country surgeons.

"What makes thee so mournful, my Margaret?" said Rudolph, as he entered his wife's room one evening, and found her seated by the window, her hands lying listless in her lap, her eyes turned towards the early summer sunset. "Thou should'st not be so sad. Keep up a good courage, and all will go well."

She only shook her head sadly, she did not even turn her face towards him.

"Thou must not let thy mother fill thy head with foolish thoughts and fears," he continued. "It is nonsense."

"It is true," she murmured.

"Margaret, this is all thy mother's doing. I know it. Every child of this family has been born here; dost thou suppose my mother ever went away to be confined? She had seven, of whom I am the last. She would as soon have thought of going to Jerusalem as to Paris when she was to be brought to bed."

"The Gräfin and I are very different," sighed Margaret.

"Then think of all the poor women who, being very little cared for, are safely delivered yearly. Why should'st thou die more than they, Margaret? It is not reasonable. It is giving way to foolish fancies, which may in the end really do thee a mischief."

"It is no use arguing about it. I feel I shall die, if my baby is born here."

"It is nothing but a subterfuge of Mrs. Willington's to get thee

to Paris," said Rudolph with impatience, and then added imprudently, "My mother says so, and she is quite right. It would never have entered thine own head."

"Oh, of course the Gräfin will abuse poor mamma, and lay it to her door; we are quite prepared for that."

"I think it would be much happier for us all, Margaret,—for thy mother, no less than for thee and me—if—if—if—she would go to Paris alone."

She turned full upon him, and then burst into tears.

"How can you be so cruel, Rudolph? Isn't it enough that I have no longer any influence with you now? do you wish also to separate me from mamma, and at such a time as this, too? The Gräfin hates me—of course, I know she does; and it is in her hands you want me to be when my time of trouble comes—and you would send poor mamma away. Oh it is cruel!"

"Well, well—say no more about it, Margaret. I really suggested it as much for Mrs. Willington's comfort as our own. She seems to find it so impossible to be happy here."

Margaret dried her eyes, and nothing more was said then. All the evening he was unusually tender in his manner to her; and the next morning she got up in better spirits, and put on a new gown, which had been hanging in the apple-closet all these months.

The Gräfin lifted up her hands and eyes when she appeared.

"What dost thou wear such clothes for here, Margaret? dost thou think to please thy husband by this sinful waste upon thy vile body; and at such a moment as this, too, when thou art especially, so to speak, in the Lord's hand? what are satins and laces compared with the soul?"

"I am sure I don't know, Madame," said Margaret humbly, seeing that she was expected to reply.

"My son, let me tell thee, Margaret, has the fear of the Lord, and the Day of Wrath and Vengeance, ever before his eyes. In that dread day——"

"Oh, please don't, Madame; don't talk like that. The gown was bought with mamma's money; but indeed I don't know why I put it on, for I don't suppose Rudolph cares—no one cares now, I think, what I wear!"

"I should hope not. We are a mass of corruption, and what does it signify what we put on? A little time and we shall be food for the worms: and how, then, Margaret, with the perils of child-bearing before thee, can——"

"Oh! pray, pray don't, Madame. I am weak and nervous, and I can't stand it,—I can't indeed. I'll put on sackcloth if you wish it."

"What ails thee? not godly sorrow for sin, I fear, Margaret; but the mere carnal shrinking from those pains which we are born to suffer.

Hast thou read the passages from the 'Commentary on the Romans' which I marked for thee?"

"No, Madame, she has not read them," said Mrs. Willington, who had entered during the last speech. "I took the book away: it seemed to me most uncomfortable reading. She would only have made herself miserable, and for what?"

"'Uncomfortable' and 'for what?'" echoed Madame Mère, literally aghast.

"Yes, for what? It doesn't seem to me, according to your doctrine of predestination, that it much matters what we do, or don't do. If we are to be saved, if we are elect, it's all right, you know; and if not, there's no use in trying, or in making oneself miserable beforehand."

"Such language is impious!" cried the old Gräfin.

"So, I think, is the doctrine, Madame," responded the American lady, imperturbably.

"Those who disbelieve it, without doubt they shall perish everlastingly."

Madame Mère gave this denunciation with great unction, and left the room. She could stand it no longer. This woman was a limb of Satan. Oh, how blind had Rudolph been, to reject that excellent, pious Clara von Hanecke, with her ancient lineage and her fifty thousand thalers, because she was a little plain, and to be caught by a weak, foolish creature, like this Margaret, without fortune or family, all along of her pretty face! It might do very well for her to insinuate to her daughter-in-law that her son was impervious to the lust of the eyes; in her own heart she knew better. Were it not so, this hateful marriage would never have accomplished itself; and Rudolph would have yielded to his mother's wishes in espousing the good Clara. How different all would have been then!

But when she came at last to know that Mrs. Willington had conceived the idea of carrying off her daughter to Paris to be confined, and that there were symptoms of Rudolph yielding, in his love and anxiety for his wife, to this base plot, her indignation was great indeed. It was positively sinful; it was tempting Providence to chastise her heavily. Could not the Lord deliver her as safely in the wild desert, far from all human aid, as with those feeble instruments of his will, the most eminent surgeons in Europe? Nay, was it not absolutely dangerous, in her present condition, to set forth on a long railway journey in the great heats of summer? It was provoking the Lord to visit her with sundry grievous ills. These and other arguments, spiritual and temporal, she visited very severely upon Margaret and her son. With Mrs. Willington she did not vouchsafe to argue now,—giving her over to a reprobate mind beyond the reach of righteous influence. But all she said had little effect on Margaret; so eager was she to escape anywhere—anywhere, so that she could

only get away ; and the sight of her wan face, and the piteous manner in which she supplicated Rudolph not to insist on her baby being born at Schloss Waldstein, triumphed of course in the end over all the Gräfin's unanswerable arguments.

Towards the end of June they went to Paris, and took an apartment in the Champs Elysées. "Margaret has left that abominable hole," wrote her mother to a dear friend in New York, "and if I have any influence, it will be long—very long, before she sets foot in it again. Count Waldstein has a good fortune, and he ought to live in Paris,—the only place in Europe to live in,—instead of mewing Margaret up in that dull, dreadful place, which was nearly the death of us both during the seven months we were there. If it wasn't for that dreadful old woman, his mother, he would be very easy to manage. As it is, now that we have got away from her, I mean that Margaret shall keep away. We shall see which is stronger, the old Gräfin or I."

IV.

IN the beginning of August a boy was born to the young Graf and Gräfin von Waldstein. Rudolph found himself very miserable in Paris in those days. When his natural rejoicing over the birth of a son, and the safety of Margaret, had a little subsided, he began to pine for the vineyards and farms, the pine-woods and fish-streams of his country, and to find the broiling, deserted capital,—his few acquaintances were "*aux eaux*,"—insupportable. He was told that Margaret must be kept quiet. One or two peeps of her during the day was all that his mother-in-law allowed him. He had nothing to do. He wandered to and fro upon the burning asphalt, and ate ices at every second café he came to, and went into stifling theatres to rush out gasping, and drive to the Bois for a monthful of fresh night-air. He anathematised the fair city, and vowed that, once quit of it, nothing should bring him here again for a very long time. A summons requiring his instant presence at Schloss Waldstein came opportunely, just as his impatience at Margaret's prolonged state of convalescence and his weariness of Paris had reached their climax.

She had been confined nearly three weeks when he received a telegram one morning. His mother was alarmingly,—almost hopelessly ill. An hour later he was in the mail train on his way to Strasburg.

"God bless thee, my darling!" he said, as he pressed Margaret in his arms. "Make haste and get strong, and come back to me. I am very sad at heart. I tremble to think of my good mother,—my dear, wise counsellor. What should I do without her? I pray God I may find her out of danger."

The baby was brought in, and the father took up the little creature in his arms.

"He has your eyes," whispered Margaret with a smile. "But if

the Gräfin recovers,—as I hope she soon may,—you must come back to me at once, Rudolph, for I shall be so desolate without you; and baby will grow out of your recollection if you are too long away."

There was the slightest shade crossed his brow.

"I hope to see you both at Waldstein,—thou and baby, my dearest, very soon. The mamma will, no doubt, remain here awhile. It would be too hard to force our quiet life again upon her so soon. I have only just time to catch the train. I must be off, my darling." And laying the child down, he threw his arms once more round his wife, and ran down-stairs.

In the grey of the summer's morning he drove up the little street of Waltstadt, and looked at the windows of the distant Schloss, and felt a sinking at heart. What if he should, indeed, be too late; and it should be all over with her? What if she should have passed away without laying her hand upon his head, and giving him her last blessing? Such autocrats as Madame Mère are loved very faithfully, we see sometimes, by natures like her son's. He had passed a sleepless night, during which he had often remembered bitterly that but for Mrs. Willington he would now be at his mother's bedside. As he drove into the courtyard two of the old servants came to the door to meet him. He stretched his head out of the window: he could not speak. "The gracious lady" was better within the last few hours. He jumped from the carriage, and ran into the house. He found Strumpf, who corroborated the assurance that the gracious lady's illness had taken a favourable turn. He did not apprehend now any immediate danger, and Rudolph was ushered into his mother's room. She received him calmly, and in a voice very little weakened by illness.

"It has pleased the Lord to spare me yet a little. I was prepared to go; but His will be done. Thou did'st well to return, Rudolph; but why not thy wife? When do she and the child follow thee? The beds are aired, and there is a roe fresh killed in the larder, for I looked that they should come with thee."

He was rather startled by this sudden return to the practical concerns of life from the lips of one whom he had regarded so lately as a dying woman; and he replied, with some hesitation, "Margaret is too weak to travel at present; indeed, I was too anxious about you, mother, to make any definite arrangements for her return home."

Madame Mère justified her doctor's and her own confident assertion that she was out of immediate danger; but her illness assumed a very grave complexion, for all that. It became apparent, after a few days, that there was organic disease, which threatened to transform the active, energetic old woman into a confirmed invalid. The powers of her mind were unimpaired, and she showed herself of wonderful courage, treating the matter with indifference when the doctor spoke openly to her of her condition. It was no doubt a sore

trial to be told that she would be unable, henceforward, to go about as she had hitherto done ; but she bore it with Spartan fortitude. Her son was with her ; it was more to her than she would own ; she had him for the present all to herself, and it was very sweet. It could not last long, she knew ; but it was a bit of the old times, when her sway was paramount and undisputed ; and she was determined to make the most of it while it lasted.

At the end of a fortnight he wrote to Margaret thus :—

“My mother is in too precarious a state for me to think of leaving her. Though Strumpf does not think there is any longer any immediate danger, her condition is very critical. A sudden attack, in her enfeebled state, must prove fatal ; and I fear she will never regain the use of her limbs. Under these circumstances, dearest Margaret, I hope to hear that the doctors now think you strong enough to bear the journey,—as you have been out driving, you tell me,—and that you will lose no time, but set off at once, under Carl’s care, who will see to everything on the journey, so that you will have no trouble. I should, of course, return for you myself ; but I see that the idea of my leaving her just now annoys my mother, and might aggravate her malady so seriously, that I have no choice but to give it up. You and baby, with your maids, will have a carriage to yourselves, and sleep at Strasburg ; and I can meet you the next day half-way between that and this, returning here the same evening. I will give Carl full instructions.”

Margaret did not reply to this letter for two or three days ; and then she took no notice of the main point in it. The omission, which was enforced by Mrs. Willington, was, however, fully, perhaps too fully, supplied by that lady herself. She wrote,—

“It is not to be thought of that our dear Margaret should travel for some time to come yet. She requires the tenderest care and nursing, which she cannot have at Schloss Waldstein,—especially now that the Gräfin herself is ill. She pines to be with you, or rather, for you to be with her, since the bare idea of your Schloss just now, in her delicate state, is depressing ; and it is absolutely essential that, for the present, she should be surrounded by everything that is cheerful. I am sure, therefore, that you will make a point of returning to her here as soon as possible. Baby grows very fast, and every one declares he is the very image of you.

“Always, my dear Rudolph, your affectionate

“CAROLINE WILLINGTON.”

When the husband read this cool note he was very angry. Madame Mère happened to be much better that day, and Rudolph was for setting off instantly to Paris and bringing back his wife, in spite of doctors, mother-in-law, and all. But the Gräfin was too wise to permit this. She knew what the result would be ; the two women

would infallibly get round him, and, with the Doctor's aid perhaps, cajole him into remaining at Paris. She knew her son; indeed, if she did not, who should? She dictated a letter for him,—a firm but temperate letter, a very model in its way. It was addressed to his wife, and ignored Mrs. Willington's letter altogether, which exasperated that lady exceedingly.

"So it is to be a *guerre à outrance* between us, is it?" she murmured, as she tossed aside the letter. "So be it, *mon cher*. The letter is your mother's; of course I know that, and she shall find I am not to be treated thus with impunity. Margaret shall not leave Paris."

A day or two after, Margaret, moved by a sudden impulse, which not even her mother was able to restrain, wrote a long, troubled, affectionate letter to her husband, praying of him to come to her, and promising to return home with him as soon as she was a little stronger. There was a great deal about her baby, a great deal about her own feelings at being away from Rudolph, and of her poor dear mamma's, at the prospect of being parted from her only child. She entreated him not to be angry with her, for, she assured him, she was not strong enough to travel yet,—least of all, by herself. Whatever effect this might have produced on Waldstein was neutralised by a second epistle from his mother-in-law. In it, after animadverting sharply upon his contemptuous treatment of her former letter, she went on to say that the term for which Rudolph had taken the apartment having expired, she had renewed it for three months, as it was out of the question her daughter's returning to Schloss Waldstein until she was stronger. Let Rudolph come and see her, and judge for himself. She was very weak and hysterical, and his protracted absence tried her severely. It was necessary to try and distract her thoughts,—to rouse her, in short. Therefore Mrs. Willington had begun to be "at home" of an evening to the few friends who had returned to Paris.

Thereupon Rudolph lost all patience, and wrote angrily to his wife, bidding her remember that her first duty now was to her husband, and not to her mother. "In the old school, in which I have been bred, wives are still subject to their husbands. Probably in America, under the new system, you have changed all that. I must remind you, however, that you have married a German, not an American. I trust you enjoy your daily drives and evening parties; and it is a pity, as you are strong enough to amuse yourself thus, that you should think you are still too weakly,—your baby being nearly three months old,—to undertake this short journey! My returning for you is impossible. My mother has had another very alarming attack; I cannot leave her." He concluded thus:—"As to Mrs. Willington, I decline to have any further communication with her. I cannot prevent her writing to me, but I shall not answer her letters; and I

wish her to understand that it is impossible I should again receive under my roof a person who incites my wife to open disobedience." This was strong language, and it was his own ; though, of course, it was Madame Mère who roused him into this attitude of open defiance to Mrs. Willington.

"Be firm, my son. Give way now, and it is all up with thee. Go to Paris, and thou mightest as well sell this, thy old home, at once. Thou wilt be under the thumb of those two for evermore ; and she, this misguided Margaret, will never again be thy wife in duty and submission. Be firm now, and she must yield, my son."

Then Rudolph wrote that letter, in which he made the most of, and intrenched himself behind, a slight relapse the Gräfin had had, in his sore dread of being thought to be "under the thumb" of his wife and his wife's mother. Like many a weak man, he resented the shadow while submitting to the substance. He became more and more subject to the will of Madame Mère. An unfortunate rejoinder of Margaret's, in which, stung by what he had written of her mother, she recriminated in no measured terms, setting forth all she had suffered at the Gräfin's hands, was the beginning of a correspondence in which, unhappily, both writers had a prompter at hand, urging them "not to give way," if they wished for ultimate happiness ; and very bitter things were said on both sides, which it was hard to forget or to forgive. Yet the young wife loved her husband passionately all this time, and, but for the evil counsellor at her side, would, over and over again, have run and fallen upon his neck and confessed her fault, and humbled herself. So he, too, though the man's character was more obstinate and unforgiving,—the two fatal strong points of weakness,—so he, too, would have been tempted more than once to condone past offences, and fly to his wife's arms, but for the iron grasp which held him back. And thus gradually, by brooding over his wrongs, an implacable feeling grew up ; a settled hostility became the habitual attitude of his mind in thinking of Margaret. He loved her very deeply and faithfully still ; no other woman could ever take Margaret's place in his heart ; but she had hurt him,—hurt the better as well as the worse parts of his nature, and he felt that she should be made to suffer.

A year, a whole year, passed thus : the erring wife ill at ease in heart and conscience, though now taking part in all the gay society of Paris, with which her mother surrounded her. She found no real pleasure in it ; but she met with a great deal of admiration, and it was better than being alone ; she was so miserable when forced back upon her own thoughts. If Rudolph suffered no less, at least he had the satisfaction of believing that he was acting on the highest moral principles, and that any other line of conduct would be miserably weak, undignified, and futile. He had now, for some four or five months past, declined to send Margaret any more money for herself or

the child, which, during all the earlier period of their separation, he had regularly done; but this attempt to starve the fortress into submission did not seem likely to be successful. From what source Mrs. Willington derived the funds to live as she was doing, Waldstein could not guess, knowing as he did of her money difficulties not long before.

"And so you saw her several times? Tell me all about her, General. How did she look? What did she say about me?"

He had ridden over thirty miles to see General von Hanecke, who was just returned from Paris.

"One thing at a time, lieber Freund. How did she look? Beautiful. She goes out every night, and is surrounded by Frenchmen. She laughs and looks gay enough, too; but it's all hollow. Depend on it, if it wasn't for that she-wolf, she would be back with you tomorrow."

"Is not that a proof how little she cares for me? To be kept away by a mother!"

The old soldier pursed his lips, and could scarce forbear a smile, though he was really interested in his friend's matrimonial affairs.

"You should have married Clara,—you really should. In the first place, she has no mother . . . However, there is no use in crying over spilt milk. You ask what she said about you? Well, of course, she declared you had behaved cruelly to her; of course she said that you thought more of the gracious lady your mother than you did of her,—that she kept you away. But she asked so many questions—she was so much moved when she spoke of you, that I saw well how the matter stood."

"Kept away by my mother! I like that! Look at this letter—this last letter of hers! Did you ever read such a composition? Do you suppose that after speaking of my mother, of my family, and home, in the way she does——"

"It is the she-wolf's writing, lieber Freund; it is not your Margaret's, depend on it. Separate her from the she-wolf, as I said before, and all will be well between you."

"It is very easy to say that. Doesn't she tell me here, that unless I retract what I said concerning her mother, and consent to welcome her back to my house, she herself will never return? Think of that from a wife!—instead of her apologising to me for her language! It is monstrous! It wouldn't be believed in a book!"

"No," said the General, drawing a long puff at his pipe, "it wouldn't be believed. Clara wouldn't have written like that; but then women are different,—they are very strange animals, all of them. You have heard of Mrs. Willington's good fortune?" Waldstein shook his head. "An old uncle died in America, some four months ago, leaving her a very large property. There is some little difficulty about it, which may entail her having to go over to America; but,

in the meantime, she has taken a larger apartment in Paris on the strength of it, and entertains largely. Yes, women are strange animals ! ”

Waldstein ground his teeth : the secret of both mother's and daughter's independence, since he had stopped the supplies, was at last explained. He rode home in a worse frame of mind than he had come in. Was ever a husband placed in a more wretched and perplexing position ? He loved her ; in spite of everything, he loved her still, and she was his by law. Should he try, and have recourse to it, for a restitution of his conjugal rights ? What was he to do ? How long was this state of things to go on ? Wounded love and pride cried aloud,—rage and mortification kept repeating that, in one way or another, there must speedily be an end to this shameful scandal.

And now, as though fuel were wanting to the flame which daily waxed fiercer round Margaret's name, a report reached Madame Mère's ears that a certain Monsieur de Boisjelin was making her daughter-in-law the object of such marked attentions as to attract observation. The lovely Madame de Waldstein, who was virtually a widow, since her husband had abandoned her,—thus ran a certain version of her story,—did nothing to discourage her French admirer ; though it was admitted that she never showed any marked preference for him. But then her love of admiration, her restless search after excitement was such, it was urged, as might lead her to the commission of any folly, even where her heart remained untouched. These words did not fall, I am afraid, upon unwilling ears ; though Madame Mère was, of course, piously horrified, shocked, and indignant. Over and above her morality in the abstract, too, there was her morality of pride, as the Gräfin von Waldstein. The possibility of such a stain as this attaching to the name of her son's wife was very grievous ; but she was not unready to give it credence. She had long thought of Margaret as a vain, heartless, unprincipled woman. She could not conceive that a wife, leading the life Margaret was doing away from her husband, and in obstinate defiance of his wishes, could be anything else ; and it was thus she spoke of her in conversation with her son. And now this rumour was come to confirm all her suspicions, and she could no longer feel a scruple,—if any restrained her heretofore,—in urging her son to separate himself for ever from his godless wife, unless she was minded instantly to return, an abject and penitent sheep, into the fold of Schloss Waldstein. I believe she regarded Margaret's conduct at this time as a special dispensation of Providence, provided for her son's emancipation.

In the autumn of that year Mrs. Willington found, as Von Hanecke had told Rudolph, that her presence was necessary in America ; and she told her daughter that her only course was to accompany her.

"As to giving in to that obstinate husband of yours now, my darling, it would be folly—worse than folly. When he hears that we have sailed—actually sailed—and are across the Atlantic, he will be in a fine way, depend on it! We shall very soon bring him to his senses. He will follow us to New York at once; mark my words if he doesn't. And, at all events, we shall be back here early in the spring. Your remaining here alone by yourself isn't to be thought of. It would never do. No, you have no choice but to accompany me, or to return to Schloss Waldstein, and lick the dust off that old witch's feet. And a fine time you will have of it, my poor child, for the remainder of your life, treated like a galley-slave, as you will be! I say nothing of myself."

"I think," sobbed Margaret, "I shouldn't mind any—any—anything now so much,—I think I could even stand the old Gräfin, if only Rudolph would apologise about you, mamma."

"That he will never do at Schloss Waldstein, my darling. He may, when we can get him to listen to reason between us; but with his mother at his side, he will never give in about me,—always look at me with a jaundiced eye, depend on it."

The weak, misguided Margaret, with a heavy heart, took her boy up in her arms, and followed her mother across the sea. And when news of this last act of defiance to her husband reached the Schloss, the waves of wrath and indignation, which had been long gathering, reared themselves into one mighty wall, and broke over her fair, foolish head. But before this, a last and solemn appeal was still made by the irritated husband, who was now almost beside himself; and this letter was put into Margaret's hand soon after her landing at New York. She was miserable; she sobbed for days over it; she wrote a dozen letters and tore them all up; and then the mother said, "Leave it unanswered. In a month he will be at your feet." But two months, and then three, and then four crept by, without a word, without a sign of life. The most vehement anger, the most stinging reproach would have been preferable to this silence. She grew thin and pale; she fell ill, and her mother became alarmed,—for her daughter's beauty, which she prized so dearly, was impaired. And then, one morning, came a letter, directed to Margaret, in a strong, lawyer-like hand; the reading of which letter to the end she did not accomplish until long afterwards, for, after the first few lines, she fell like a stone upon the floor; and this was followed by a brain-fever, in which she hung, during many days, between life and death, and was for weeks incapable of the smallest mental exertion. The letter ran thus:—

"MADAM,

"I am instructed by my client, the Count von Waldstein, to inform you that, having abandoned all hope of bringing you to see your

duty as a wife, and feeling that the unhappy differences between you will only increase with time, he has felt it to be his duty, as much for your happiness as his own, to release you from a tie which has proved so irksome to you, and to sue for a divorce, which the laws of this country accord without difficulty, as you are doubtless aware, in such cases. Of course it is possible for you to appeal against this; but the Count has little doubt that your inclinations,—as shown by your conduct,—will not dispose you to do so; and were it otherwise, any professional adviser whom you may consult will instruct you that, after your repeated and resolute refusal to return to the Count's roof, such appeal would be unavailing. The Count desires, further, to inform you that should you consent to your infant son being given up into his care now, he is ready to take him. You are doubtless aware that after his fourth year the child can be legally claimed by his father. Should you put any difficulties in the way of this, by concealing him in America, the Count will relinquish all interest or moral responsibility in his son's future. No attempt will be made to interfere with his legal inheritance to the title and estates; but that portion of his property which is in the Count's own power to dispose of he will devise away from his son, should you offer any obstruction to the child's being given up to his father on the completion of his fourth year."

When Margaret was able, after many months, to be brought to Europe, a friend met her at Liverpool. He came to break the fact to her that, according to German law, she was no longer the wife of the Count von Waldstein. She was once more Margaret Willington.

V.

On a golden summer's evening, some years after the events just recorded, one of those rattling glass vehicles, with a hump of luggage on their backs, which are common throughout Germany, drove up the steep street of Waldstadt, and stopped at the only Gast-haus of the town. The carriage was thickly powdered over with fine white dust from the roads, which had not seen a shower now for some weeks. Its occupants,—a lady in mourning, with a handsome boy of eight or nine, and a maid,—had evidently suffered a good deal from the heat. The lady, indeed, seemed in delicate health. She kept her veil down, so that it was not possible to see her face; but her step as she got out was feeble, and she held fast by the child's hand, as though she found some support there, and dreaded to lose it. The boy stretched his little legs when he found himself on terra-firma, and showed by his wonderful contortions that his small limbs had been cramped for some hours in that hot, dusty carriage.

The best rooms of the "Schwartz Adler" were unlocked, the her-

metically-closed shutters and windows opened, and a close smell of feather-beds and deal furniture permitted to escape.

The child had his supper, the maid had hers; the lady sent down, untasted, the food that was brought her. She sat away from the light, her head resting between her two hands, each time the *Kelner* entered the room. And the boy ran about, clambered up the wardrobe, got a-straddle the great black stove, and indulged in a variety of pastimes testifying generally to the soundness of his lungs and limbs.

"Look, mamma! here I am in the castle. I've taken it from the great big giant who lives here, and I've cut off his head. Why don't you look, mamma? Down there, on the chest of drawers, is where the princess lives. I'm going to carry her off. Do look, mamma!"

The pale lady raised her head from time to time and smiled; and once, when she so looked up, the tears were in her eyes; but the child did not see them. At last, the young gentleman declared he was sleepy; the maid came, and he went to bed. He slept in his mother's room; and here, presently, when the sky was quite dark, and the stars grew thick above the red gables on the opposite side of the narrow village street, shedding their tender light through the lattice of the little room, she came softly and knelt with the child beside his bed, and listened while he prayed that God would bless dear papa. And when the golden head was laid upon its pillow, and the heavy lids closed over the blue, dreamful eyes, the mother stayed there yet awhile upon her knees, and prayed her own prayer to her heavenly Father. Not for herself; the time was past now when she could ask for anything in this world but strength to bear the cross laid upon her. And now, poor soul! that she was about voluntarily to add fourfold to that heavy burthen, her thought, her prayer, was not for herself,—not that the cup might be taken from her, but that, by drinking it to the very bitter lees, she might further her child's welfare in this world and in the next.

After this she rose, and drawing the veil about her face, crept down-stairs, and through the archway out into the quiet, star-lit street. One or two women with their children at open doors, one or two husband-men returning from their labour afar off in the hills, turned round to look at the tall, slight figure in black as it glided by. Then she came upon the white hill-side road, with the dusty vines to right and left, and she was alone. A single light twinkled from one of the windows of the *Schloss*; the outline of its towers showed dim against the clear, dark summer night. A little more than half-way up the hill the wanderer turned her feeble steps in among the vines to the left, where, some three hundred yards distant, the garden-wall came down in terraces, and was washed, so to speak, by the great sea of green at its feet. As she tottered on, faint and thirsting, between the grapes, some half ripened, some already purple, she plucked a bunch, and

put it to her lips. "It would not have been theft once," she murmured.

As she drew near to the foot of the garden wall the sound of voices fell upon her ear. She had thought that at this hour, under cover of the darkness, she was safe; and might yield to the weakness, the longing which was at her heart, once more to behold that old terrace-walk, associated as it was with some of the few happy hours in her short life. She shrank back; then suddenly, as the voice of one of the speakers fell upon her ear, she pressed her two hands against her heart, and half crouched, half sank upon the ground. She could not have gone a step farther had her life depended on it. She did not faint, but her heart seemed to stop beating, and she could neither see nor hear for some minutes. At last, she was conscious of another voice,—a voice she did not know: she could divine but too well, however, to whom it belonged, and she shivered. With the blue vault of heaven and its myriad stars above her head, the poor stricken creature lay, and saw the dim outline of two figures against the sky, and heard the sound of their slow-pacing feet upon the gravel. There, upon that very walk, where tenderest words had once been breathed into her ear, she heard the same lips breathe like language to another. She had exiled herself from Paradise, and she was standing now before the gate which was for ever closed on her in this world.

Said the man's voice,—

"Who can believe that it is five years? Would that my mother had lived to see how happy the marriage she planned has been for me, Clara!"

"She was very good to me," replied a pleasant voice. "All the same, my dear Rudolph, I am not sure that we should have been as happy had the good mother been living with us."

"Ah," sighed the husband, who was pursuing his own train of ideas, "had I followed her advice I should have been spared the three most painful years of my life, and six happy ones would have been added to it."

"You know you would not look at me for ever so long," laughed the lady, good-humouredly. Then, changing her tone, she added,—
"Ah! though I owe your mother a great debt of gratitude, yet nevertheless, my dear, I always feel for your poor Margaret. I often think whether even I, with my German training, and rigid, old-world ideas, could have stood the excellent mother's iron dominion here. I never was tried, you know, as she died so soon after our marriage; but when I remember that your Margaret had, besides, a foolish mother——"

"By-the-bye, your uncle mentions her death in his letter to-day. She died at Paris, it seems, some weeks ago. I have never been able until now, Clara, to hear her name without impatience; but she is gone, and so let her memory rest. I forgive her all the wrong she

did me. I think she must have repented of it herself before she died."

They walked to the further end of the terrace in silence. As they came back the wife stopped, and exclaimed,—

"See the moon just appearing over the edge of the hill yonder, Rudolph! What a night it is! Are we not better here than in Stutgardt, where the good Queen would have us? For my part, I regret nothing at Court. You say you think it right that I should go there occasionally; but I should be quite content myself never to leave our old home."

"Ah, it is well for us to go away sometimes, my wife, if it be only to enjoy the pleasure of our return,—of our solitude. In great crowds two hearts can never hear each other beat in perfect unison, I think."

Did he recall the morning, nearly ten years ago, when he uttered those same words, standing on that very spot? No; but one who heard him remembered them only too well. In spite of herself, a moan, like the faint cry of a wounded bird, broke from her lips as she lay there.

"What was that? Did you hear nothing down there among the vines? It sounded to me like the feeble wail of an infant."

"Would that it were an omen, my Clara," said the husband, gently. "But Heaven, no doubt, sees fit to deny us that blessing, lest we should be too happy."

The trembling woman, whose head was bowed upon her breast, heard the kiss which followed, and lifted up her eyes. The moon, which had now fully risen from behind the shoulder of the hill, shone bright upon Clara's face. It was a broad, sweet, kindly face; but there was no beauty that a man should desire. The goodness of soul that shone out through that plain mask was its sole attraction. And,—alas! for poor human nature!—even in that hour, when all was at an end for her, when she knew that all earthly things were fading fast away, a gleam of consolation shot across the desolate woman's heart: "At least, I had something once which she has not." But the next moment the miserable triumph gave place to a purer and nobler satisfaction. "She is a good woman. I read it in her face,—her words confirm it. O God! I thank thee for that."

The husband and wife turned slowly towards the house; and for an hour or more the unhappy creature lay there in the vineyard, utterly prostrate and motionless, save for the low sob which ever and anon broke from her: "O Lord! give me strength,—give me strength! Make me ready for the sacrifice,—even of my son, O Lord!" And He who spared Abraham's sacrifice spared hers.

It was very late when she reached the inn,—she could hardly drag her feeble steps so far. The maid was alarmed when she saw her face, which was like that of the dead; and ran down-stairs,

shrieking, for a doctor. The long-ago-despised Strumpf came; so doth fate sometimes avenge us. He sat up with her the remainder of that night, which he hardly thought she could live through. It seemed as though the springs of life had suddenly snapped,—whatever may have been the learned name the doctor gave the disease. She was utterly exhausted, yet her stomach refused food; even the stimulants given to her she could scarcely swallow.

Late the next day, as Rudolph returned from a long drive with his wife, a letter was put into his hand. The messenger had been waiting some time, and said the matter was urgent. It came from the sick lady at the inn. The Count started as he looked at the superscription, and changed colour. Then he broke the seal with no steady hand, and turned into his own room to read the letter. It contained these few words,—

“A contrite woman supplicates you to come and speak to her before she dies. She did not come here for this, Rudolph,—to trouble you in her last hour; but to accomplish a purpose which she prays earnestly she may see effected before she leaves the world. And the doctor says she has not many hours to live.”

Half an hour later Waldstein stood by the bedside of her whom he had once loved so well. He was shocked and deeply affected at the sight. In the wreck before him the beautiful Margaret was scarcely recognisable. Strange to say, she whose agony had been so poignant a few hours previous was now far calmer than he was. In this one might see that the hand of peace-restoring Death was upon her. The boy, in a passion of tears, was flung at the foot of the bed; the maid, too, was weeping bitterly. The good doctor stood there, and, as Count von Waldstein entered, poured something down the throat of the fast-sinking lady, to enable her to go through the interview upon which all her thoughts were fixed. Then he and the maid withdrew.

She held out her hand.

“I am glad you are come. It makes my going so much easier,—so much happier; though I have written it all,—all I had to say,—here.” She laid her hand upon a thick letter by her side. “And I never doubted but that you would fulfil that wish, at least. Darling boy, look up. Here is that papa, for whom you have prayed night and morning, come at last!”

“If he is come to take you,” said the boy, looking up through his tears into the stranger’s face, “I don’t want him. He shan’t take you away, mother.”

She closed her eyes for a moment: there was a sting in the words the child little guessed.

“It is not papa,—it is God who is taking me away, my boy. Rudolph, this is your first-born,—your only one. Take him, and be a father to him.”

“I will,” murmured Waldstein, with averted face.

"Do not visit my sins upon the child," she continued. "There is nothing about him that need ever remind you of me; it has made him doubly dear to me that he was so like you. And since it has not pleased God to bless your wife with a child, she will be as a mother to this one,—I know she will. I was in the vineyard last night, and heard her words. She has a good and tender heart; and if I hesitated before to entrust my child to her keeping, I need do so no longer."

"She has always spoken compassionately of you, Margaret, and as I promise you solemnly for myself, so I can undertake for her, that the child shall be henceforward as our own."

She stopped for breath, and then gasped out,—

"I came here, meaning to ask you to take my darling; and then to go away, in my solitude, heart-broken. He was the only thing I had on earth, and I resolved, for his sake, to make the sacrifice. Why should I any longer stand between him and you,—between him and his future? But God was merciful, Rudolph,—it has pleased Him to spare me this. I am happy to go,—very happy. My life, though short, has been sad enough. I have nothing to regret in leaving it, since I was to be parted from my darling. And now,—while I can still see you, still hear your voice,—will you say that you forgive me, Rudolph?"

He was on his knees beside her. She felt the hot tears on her hand as he pressed it to his lips.

"My poor Margaret, we have both much need of forgiveness. I was much to blame,—perhaps more than you. I know it now. I will not speak of others. We will not try to cast the burden of our faults upon other shoulders in this solemn moment. Rather, let us ask God to forgive us our sins to Him, as we forgive our sins to one another."

Then his strong, tremulous voice rose in humble prayer to the Father of Mercies, echoed by the faint whispers of the dying woman.

Before night there fell a great peace and stillness upon that little room; and the child was sleeping, wearied out with sobs, in the Countess's dressing-room in Schloss Waldstein.

Reader, I myself have seen some of the persons about whom I have here written. Years have passed since I stood upon that terrace, and, looking down into the vineyard below, thought upon these things: how folly and weakness work more evils in the world than wickedness itself; and how quickly a great happiness, which would have weathered the rudest storms of fate, may founder upon shores where no rock is to be seen.

WHO WAS THE FIRST PRINTER?

THE recent sale of the Enschedé Library at Haarlem, which had been collected for the special purpose of establishing the validity of the claim put forward by the Dutch to have been the precursors of the Germans as the originators of the Printing Press, has led to a spirited renewal of the old dispute. The valuable library just dispersed had been the property of a family of eminent printers in Haarlem for three generations, its nucleus having been brought together by the grandfather of the late proprietors. The object which the elder Enschedé had chiefly in view was a concentration of every kind of evidence tending to prove that the art of printing, in a practical form, was in use in Haarlem, and that books were printed there, full a quarter of a century before the more complete development of the art in Mayence by Gutenberg. The mass of evidence contained in the Enschedé collection of documents, and that which has been gradually accumulating in other channels, is, indeed, becoming so important, that it may eventually tend to the respectful handing down of Gutenberg from his hitherto undisputed throne as First Lord of the Printing Press. The claims of Koster of Haarlem to the invention and use of a practical system of movable types full five-and-twenty years before the production of Gutenberg's magnificent Bible, which was his first book, are, indeed, advocated by many of the most advanced bibliographers of the present day; and the supporters of the cause of German priority would do well to discuss in all seriousness the evidence upon which such advocacy is based, and refute it if possible, instead of superciliously and vainly declaring it unworthy of notice.

Within as brief a space as may be, let us see how the case really stands, and upon what grounds the rival claims are based. In order fully to appreciate the relative position of each pretender, it will be necessary in a few words to consider the nature of those advances in the art of multiplying books which led up, in tolerably natural sequence, to the first notion and subsequent development of the art of printing. The first advance upon the method of producing books by the hand labour of the professional scribe was introduced towards the close of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, and was effected by means of carving the usually written forms of letters in relief on a tablet or block of wood. An entire page so executed by means of wood-carving, on being charged and recharged with a

suitable kind of ink, was clearly capable of yielding any number of impressions that might be required; and this system, it is generally admitted, was,—in Europe,—first carried out with success by the Dutch, though the Chinese had perfected a similar method many centuries previously; and it may possibly have been from eastern models obtained by the enterprising traders of Holland that the class of Dutch artisans connected with the reproduction of books first learned the advantages of such a system, and at once adopted the principle as a valuable novelty. But even when the process in question was perfected, the labour of executing such pages in sculptured relief was so enormous,—as exemplified by the "*Biblia Pauperum*," one of the first works produced by the process,—that although, when a page was once perfected, any number of impressions could be obtained, yet only books of small extent,—seldom or never exceeding thirty or forty pages,—were attempted by these means. Such books, moreover, consisted almost entirely of large illustrations, the text being little more than a series of descriptive titles to the devices. The amount of text, however, in these block-books, as they are termed, went on increasing, as the difficulty in carving the letters in relief was gradually overcome, till eventually entire pages of closely-packed text were carved on these slabs of wood with wonderful accuracy and neatness, as shown in the later editions of such well-known block-books as the "*Ars Memorandi*" and the "*Ars Moriendi*."

It is natural to conceive that a desire to economise the vast labour expended upon these page blocks would necessarily arise, and it is possible, as some have supposed, that an attempt was made to turn such blocks to further account, after a sufficient number of impressions had been taken from them, by cutting them up into separate words, or even letters, which, by transposition, might be made to serve again for the text of a different subject. This supposition has led to much learned and not unacrimonious discussion, of a purely technical character, as to the possibility of printing from movable wooden types; but such disquisitions are somewhat profitless in the present state of our knowledge of the subject, and it will be sufficient to state in this place, that whether experiments with separate wooden types were, or were not, made, the next really practical advance was the production of separate metal types; especially as it must have become clearly evident that when a mould for a single letter was once made, as many others could be cast from it as might be required, even to hundreds of thousands; while each separate wooden letter, even if serviceable to print from, would require to be separately executed by the carver's own hand. Therefore casting in metal presented at once a simple method of producing letters in any number from a single type or mould; letters, too, which could be conveniently arranged and closely packed in any order required, and which were at the same time capable of being made serviceable for any number of times by

redistribution in other forms. The same result would have occurred if every metal letter had to be carved separately, like wooden ones, but the process would have entailed such enormous labour that the boldest speculator in the attempt to improve and simplify the reproduction of books would have scarcely found courage to invest in the necessary outlay. It was therefore the perception of the adaptability of casting to the purpose required,—a process well known to the general metal workers of the time,—that led directly to the adoption of movable metal types, and in fact to the true foundation of the practical printing press with all its magic powers. It will be subsequently shown in this outline sketch of the controversy that the adaptation of the casting process to the multiplication of metallic types or letters was felt, even at the time, to be the true mechanical basis which formed the vital principle of the printing press, a conviction which we shall find expressed in the name given to the first rude books produced by means of metal types, which were in old French records described as books "*jétés en molle*," that is to say, produced by characters which were cast in moulds. It is to the original conception of that first all-important step in the history of the printing press that the Dutch have long since set up a claim for one of their citizens, Lawrence Koster, of Haarlem.

It is a remarkable and in every way very suggestive fact that the earliest allusion to the Dutch as the true originators of the art of printing emanated from a German source. In the year 1499,—that is to say, before the close of the century that witnessed the advent of the printing press,—a passage, and that a very prominent one, appeared in the pages of a German chronicle of general history and events, known as the "*Chronicle of Cologne*," from having been printed in that city. The passage referred to occurs in the body of the work, under a separate heading, as follows:—"On the art of printing books:—when and where, and by whom was invented the inexpressibly useful art of printing books." Here are noteworthy words in which we at once perceive how highly important the invention of the printing press was already considered, within so brief a period after its introduction. The following extract contains the pith of the passage which comes under the heading just cited:—"Although the art as now practised was discovered at Mayence, nevertheless, the first idea came from Holland, and from the Donati which had been previously printed there." The facts referred to by the author of the *Chronicle* were no doubt in great part gathered from Ulric Zell, the printer of the *Chronicle*, himself a follower of the method of printing established by Gutenberg, and who had learnt his art in Mayence. Hence we may infer that the German printers of that day did not refuse to the Dutch the credit of having first struck out the idea of making moulds for letters of metal, from which any number of casts might be taken by the simplest mechanical means. The letters so produced were

neither more nor less than those "movable types" which form the very basis of the art of printing.

The next important testimony, of strictly similar, but more definite, import, is that set forth by a native of Holland, Theodore Volchart Coonhert, in the preface to his translation of Cicero's *Offices*, printed in his own house at Haarlem, in 1561, little more than a century after the occurrence of the events to which he alludes. His statement is as follows:—"I have often been assured by well-informed persons that the art of printing * was first invented in the town of Haarlem, although in a rude manner, the knowledge of the art having been subsequently carried to Mayence by the treachery of an unfaithful workman, and there brought to such great perfection that,—as being also the place where it was first made public,—Mayence has acquired the glory of the first invention; and hence our citizens obtain but little credence when they attribute to one of themselves the honour of being the real inventor." Here we have a definite and unhesitating statement by a man of learning and position, who is evidently not led away by any national bias or prejudice. A copy of this rare and interesting volume, which formed a leading feature in that portion of the Enschedé Library collected for the purpose of illustrating the history of printing in Holland, was secured at a very high price for the British Museum at the recent sale. Our national collection of documents having reference to the early history of printing is indeed becoming extremely rich by the watchful care of Mr. Winter Jones, the Chief Librarian, and Mr. Watts, the Keeper of the printed books; and this little volume is not one of the least valuable acquisitions recently made.

Another work bearing upon the origin of printing in Holland, and being indeed a special, though very brief, treatise upon the subject, was issued by John Van Zuyren, Burgomaster of Haarlem, about the same time that Theodore Coonhert published his Dutch translation of Cicero's *Offices*. He entitled his work "*A Dialogue on the First Invention of Typography*,"—"Dialogus de primâ artis Typographicæ Inventione,"—in which the author distinctly claims the honour of the first invention for his townsman Lawrence Koster, whose name thus first appears in the controversy. But while he upholds the claims of his native town and his countryman, the worthy burgomaster does not attempt to detract from the credit fairly due to the first great printers of Mayence, who carried the new art to such high perfection. Only a fragment of Van Zuyren's work remains, but that fragment contains minute and accurate particulars which at once place its authenticity beyond doubt.

Only six years later than the two works just referred to, the claim of the Dutch was reiterated from an entirely fresh quarter. In a work of the Italian traveller Guicciardini, printed at Antwerp in 1567, entitled "*Descrizeone di tutti i Paesi Bassi*," a passage relating

* He alludes to printing with movable metallic types.

to the invention of printing occurs in the description of the city of Haarlem, which may be thus literally translated :—"According to the common tradition of the country, the evidence of several authors, and also of ancient monuments, the art of printing was first invented in this town, as well as that of casting letters,—in moulds,—and the inventor having died before he had carried his work to full perfection, one of his workmen went to Mayence, where he divulged the secret of practising the art ; and in that place so much care and attention was bestowed upon it that it was brought to great completeness ; and hence arose the common belief that it originated there. I neither can nor will attempt to decide the question." The monuments alluded to by Guicciardini were doubtless those elementary Latin works known as *Donati*,* mentioned in the "*Chronicle of Cologne*," of which many perfect examples must have existed at the time of the Italian traveller's visit to Haarlem, and fragments of which are to be found in bibliographical collections at the present day. He no doubt had in view at the same time the more celebrated and interesting "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," attributed to Koster, of which many beautiful copies still exist, as fresh and clean as though they had but just issued from the press ; works that play a leading part in the early story of the printing press, and especially in the discussions on the subject which just now engage the attention of bibliographers of all nations.

Many other authorities, containing curious passages of great interest, might be cited, but it is time to call in the evidence of the Dutch historian, Hadrian Junius, who furnishes us unhesitatingly with both the name and status of the Dutch printer whose productions are declared by his countrymen to have preceded those of Gutenberg, as well as with an infinity of most interesting and valuable details connected with the manner of his invention. Hadrian Junius was born at Haarlem in 1511, where he received, at the public grammar school, the basis of a liberal education, which was subsequently perfected by many years of devotion to various branches of learning in several of the universities which enjoyed the greatest amount of celebrity at that time. He afterwards resided some time in England as physician to the accomplished Duke of Norfolk, and subsequently filled a similar post in Denmark as one of the king's physicians in ordinary. On his return to Holland, having become famous for his general learning and accomplishments, he was commissioned by the Government to write a history of the Dutch provinces, which he willingly undertook as a thoroughly congenial task, and it is in this work, which he entitled "*Batavia*," that the claim of his countryman to the invention of printing with movable metal types is emphatically asserted. This history was not published till 1588, but there is internal evidence to prove that the following passage relating to the art of printing was written

* From the name of the original author, *Donatus*.

as early as 1568:—"About 128 years ago there lived at Haërlem, in a house on the open Place facing the State palace, one Lawrence, son of John, surnamed Koster,* on account of an honourable office which was hereditary in his family. It is this man," continues Junius in a strain of eloquence worthy of an enthusiastic scholar, "it is this man who merits a glory superior to that of all conquerors, and who can justly claim the honour of being the inventor of the typographic art, at the present day assumed by others." There is tolerably good evidence for supposing that Lawrence Koster, in addition to his office of Koster, or custodian of the church books, was also an esteemed and industrious artist, devoting his artistic skill to the engraving of tablets for the production of block-books,—an art which, in Europe at any rate, was first successfully practised in Holland, where, at Koster's time, it was in the zenith of its development. Two or more of the best known Dutch works of that class are attributed to him, especially the celebrated "*Biblia Pauperum*" and the "*Cantica Canticorum*," the quaintly-designed devices of which have a mediæval elegance about them peculiarly their own.

Junius next proceeds to inform us in what manner the idea occurred to Koster of using movable types to print from instead of engraving the whole of each page, whether illustration or text, on a special block or tablet of wood. "Walking one day," says our author, "in the wood near the town, as the citizens are accustomed to do in the afternoon, or on festivals, Lawrence Jans-zoon† occupied himself with cutting pieces of beech bark into the form of letters,"—and then we are told that, reversing those letters, and placing them in order, so as to form short moral sentences, he succeeded, by inking them, in obtaining impressions from them for the amusement of his grandsons who accompanied him in his walk. That such a slight hint was sufficient to suggest further experiments in the same direction to an ingenious artist like the engraver of the illustrations and text of the "*Cantica Canticorum*," is sufficiently evident. Adverse critics, however, such as M. Renouard, and others worthy of equal respect, mistaking the spirit of this passage, have attempted to invalidate the statement of Junius by asserting that movable types, either of bark or wood, could not be made serviceable for good work in the printing press,—which is perfectly true, and Junius does not either say or appear to suppose that they could.

In endeavouring to assign a proximate date to the eventful walk in the wood, resulting in the carving of the letters of bark, the following arguments have been urged:—First, Junius, writing in 1568, says, one hundred and twenty-eight years before that period Koster was still living on the Place, which furnishes us with the year 1440, in which year there is some evidence for supposing that Koster died. Secondly, the wood itself was destroyed in 1426, when the

* Sacristan.

† John's-son.

town was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy. Thirdly, taking into consideration that Koster was a grandfather at the time, it may be assumed that he was born at least as early as 1370, and it would hence appear that the carving of the letters in bark took place between 1420 and 1426, when he was between fifty and fifty-six years of age. Reasoning upon these data, the year 1423 has been adopted by his countrymen as that in which the event most probably took place, and 1440 as the epoch at which, having founded the art on that rude hint, he had carried it to such a comparative state of practical completeness as enabled him to produce very excellent work by its means; and upon that assumption an inscription was placed upon the house in which he had lived,—within little more than a century after his death,—to the following effect:—

MEMORIE SACRUM
 TYPOGRAPHIA
 ARES ARTIUM OMNIUM
 CONSERVATRIX
 HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
 CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

Junius next refers to the difficulty of printing from separate types of wood, and also informs us that Koster eventually succeeded in making types of lead, and then of tin; and he further asserts that at the time he is writing, some of those very types were preserved as an interesting family monument in the house of Koster's great-grandson, Gerard Koster, adding, that these interesting memorials of the invention of an important art had been soldered together, so as to form ornamental vases, which vases he himself had seen. Junius next proceeds to describe the positive monuments of the art produced by Koster,—monuments which we have seen referred to as important evidence by Guicciardini. The "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" is then named by Junius as one of the monuments in question; and in speaking of Koster having first used wooden types he doubtless refers to the first edition of this work, a portion of which was printed in entire pages from wooden tablets, but which Junius, from his want of technical knowledge, appears to consider the result of separate wooden types. No copy of this work, with the whole of the pages printed from wooden tablets, has come down to us; but either such an edition must have been issued by Koster, or, while still not half-way through its preparation, he must have brought his new invention to bear with sufficient perfection to enable him to print the whole of the text of the remaining portions of the work by the new process. And with regard to the eventual adoption of metal types for this remarkable work, Junius tells us that Koster invented a new kind of oleaginous and adhesive ink for the purpose, not finding the distemper ink formerly used to print from the wooden tablets

suitable for his new metallic types. Our instructive chronicler goes on to state that one of the special peculiarities of this monument "of an art still in its cradle" was that the leaves were only printed on one side, and the blank backs pasted together to conceal that imperfection; and what adds to the value of this interesting and categorical statement of the Dutch historian is, that many perfect copies of the "*Speculum*" still exist, which exhibit all the peculiarities thus accurately described.

We possess a copy of the "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" in the British Museum, and another in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, both of which contain several pages printed entirely from wooden tablets, while other pages have the text printed in another kind of ink, as described by Junius, and evidently by means of a second printing. This edition of the "*Speculum*" would seem, therefore, to form the all-interesting link between the books printed from wooden tablets and those from the true printing press. In printing the pages from wooden tablets, a pale brown distemper colour was used; the impression having evidently been obtained by laying down the face of the paper on the engraved block or tablet, and then rubbing the back till an impression of the engraved work was thus produced,—a process that soiled and gave a partial and irregular gloss to the back of the paper, which rendered it unfit for printing on. The pages on which the text has been produced by the newly-invented metal types have evidently gone through a different process, by means of some kind of press; the illustrative woodcuts which fill the upper part of every page being still printed in the old manner with the brown distemper colour, and by rubbing at the back.

The "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," even in its more expensive manuscript form, was a very popular work. It consisted of a series of subjects from the Old Testament, with their supposed parallels from the Gospels; illustrative devices being placed in pairs at the top of each page, and beneath them the rude Latin verses describing the devices, and extracting from them a series of proverbial and religious moralisms. Koster, no doubt, acted with the usual discretion of a keen man of business in reproducing that work, first, as a block-book, and afterwards as one in which he succeeded in making use of his newly-invented metal types for the text. That he was not misguided in the selection is proved by the several editions which he rapidly issued, all except the first* having the whole of the text printed with movable metal types; a fact which has been proved beyond doubt by the reiterated investigations of practised experts in printing matters. The illustrations at the top of each page continued, however, in the latest Kosterian editions, to be printed in distemper by the rubbing process; and, consequently, in the whole of the edi-

* That is to say, the one generally esteemed the first, as being partly printed from wooden tablets.

tions the printing is only on one side of the paper,—a peculiarity marking the first steps of an art yet in its infancy, and of which no other examples exist. Here, then, we have a series of monuments evidently belonging to the very infancy of the art, which were undoubtedly produced in Holland, and of which there appears no valid reason for denying the credit of production to Lawrence Koster. It is true that his name nowhere appears appended to his work ; nor, indeed, is that of Gutenberg attached to any of the works assigned to him, though their attribution cannot be doubtful. The custom of appending the name of the printer to his productions was not adopted till the successors of those great pioneers of the art found themselves in the possession of a well-established practical process.

All the specimens at present known of the celebrated "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" printed with movable types, and on one side only of the paper, have been traced to Holland, and the only perfect collection of all the editions is that of the Westreenian Library, at the Hague, lately bequeathed to the Dutch Government. It therefore seems incredible that the pretensions of Germany to the claim of absolute priority should be so obstinately persevered in. But the extreme difficulty of removing long and deeply-rooted convictions is perhaps a sufficient explanation.

In the Enschedé Library there was a fine and perfect copy of one of the editions of the famous "*Speculum*" in Dutch, and from all parts of Europe came bibliographers and dealers determined to secure the coveted monument ; an agent from the British Museum among the number. But the price realised by this small volume, consisting of scarcely more than some twoscore leaves, far exceeded the limits of most of the pretenders to its possession. It was eventually knocked down for about £700 to an English dealer, who has since disposed of it at a considerable advance.

Another interesting monument of early typography, keenly contested by the assembled bibliophiles at the Enschedé sale was the celebrated "*Horarium*," now more correctly termed an *Abedarium*, which M. Enschedé, the founder of the library, had, with the pardonable credulity of an enthusiastic advocate, thought to be the actual series of short moral sentences printed from letters of bark (?) for the amusement and instruction of Koster's grandchildren. But, after having carefully examined the document in question, which consists of eight small pages printed on a single sheet, on both sides, and properly arranged for folding, the present writer arrived at the conclusion that, although it is evidently of early Dutch execution, the letters being of closely similar style to those of the "*Speculum*," nevertheless it is a much later production than that work, its rudeness of execution being no proof of superior antiquity, but only of inferior workmanship. Yet, as a monument intimately connected with the controversy, it realised a large sum ; far beyond that which an agent had been

instructed to go to in order to secure it for our national collection; and, at the same time, far more than its value even as an antique monument, serving though it undoubtedly does to illustrate some of the earliest steps in the history of the printing press.

In concluding this brief résumé of the claims of the Dutch for their countryman Koster, a very curious item of indisputable evidence concerning the early use of cast types in the Low Countries must not be omitted. In a diary kept by Jean le Robert, Abbé of St. Aubert of Cambrai, a record now preserved in the public library of Lille, a highly interesting passage occurs, of which the following is a translation:—

“Item, for a Doctrinal jetté en molle* that I sent for to Bruges by Macquart, who is a writer at Valenciennes, in the month of January, 1445, for Jacquet, twenty sols of Tournay, &c., &c., &c.”

Here, then, we have positive evidence that printing with cast types, as expressed by the term “jetté en molle,” was practised in the Low Countries before 1445, which is ten years earlier than the date assigned to the issue of Gutenberg’s Bible, namely, 1455. The system, as practised at Bruges in 1445, was doubtless an offshoot of that developed by Koster at Haarlem, which had already spread to the principal cities in the Flemish portion of the Low Countries. It may be further urged, by way of additional support of the statement of Junius respecting the treachery of the workman John, whom he describes as having printed at Mayence an edition of the Doctrinal of Alexander Gallus with the types which he had carried away from Haarlem, that fragments of that work, printed in types closely resembling those of the “Speculum,” are still in existence; and there are also entire volumes, as well as fragments of other books, printed in types of the primæval Dutch style, of which it is not necessary to speak in this place.

The story of Junius is still further supported by the interesting records which remain of Gutenberg’s first attempts in the art of printing at Strasbourg and Mayence; records full of curious information, and which consist of such indisputable documents as contemporary reports of evidence produced during the proceedings of two lawsuits in which the inventor became involved: the first, with the representatives of his partners in the undertaking at Strasbourg, and the second at Mayence with Fust, the banker and money-lender, who had advanced various sums to enable him to complete his final arrangements for printing the famous Bible. From these and other equally authentic sources the following facts in favour of the prior claims of Koster

* That jetté en molle,—or jeté en moule,—meant printed by means of cast type, there is abundant evidence. To quote one instance: in the list of all the books belonging to Anne of Brittany the different volumes are described as “tant en parchemin que en papier, a la main, et en môle,” that is to say, both of parchment and paper,—both manuscript and printed.

may be obtained. In order to baffle the curiosity of certain persons in Strasbourg who were anxious to discover the nature of the secret experiments in which he and his co-partners were engaged, an answer had been agreed upon, the equivocal double meaning of which, no doubt, greatly amused Gutenberg and his friends at the time of its concoction. Impertinent inquirers were told that the works in hand consisted of "looking-glasses." Now is it not more than probable that these looking-glasses,—these specula,—had reference to that "Mirror of Human Salvation,"—that "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," which Koster had printed at Haarlem, and which by the highway of the Rhine had reached the heart of north-western Germany, where, copies having been seen by the shrewd and inventive Gutenberg, he at once made a happy guess at the mode of their production, and was engaged in an attempt to imitate the original work in the shape of a German edition ? These events occurred between 1437 and 1444,—that is to say, shortly after the time at which it is most probable that Koster first perfected and issued his "*Speculum*." It was stated, moreover, by the partners that their looking-glasses were intended for sale at the approaching fair at Aix-la-Chapelle ; that fair being a great periodical market at which all kinds of sacred relics, rosaries, rituals, and books of devotional character formed a very principal section of the merchandise offered for sale, and where an attractive book like the "*Speculum*," if produced at an unusually low price by the new and secret process, would doubtless have found a ready sale. The adoption of that particular name,—*spiegel* or *speculum*,—and the mention of the place where the article named was to be disposed of, can hardly be simply curious coincidences. The Gutenbergian mirrors were, however, not destined to appear at the great fair. The legal difficulties having too long delayed the progress of the works, Gutenberg eventually left Strasbourg without perfecting the process.

We find him subsequently established in Mayence, his native city, where another circumstance occurred which appears to favour the prior pretensions of Koster, as asserted by his able advocate Junius. In 1444 Gutenberg was again busy with renewed attempts to carry his printing experiments into practical effect. His uncle, John Gutenberg the elder, having taken the house *Zum Yungen*, in 1443, Gutenberg went to reside with him ; and there it was that those persevering efforts were made, which, after a few perfectly successful results on a small scale, at last culminated in the production of the celebrated Bible. We find from various scraps of evidence that the elder Gutenberg, whose Christian name, as we have seen, was John, had actually been in Holland a short time previously, and hence arises a very natural hypothesis that this Johann Gutenberg may have been the faithless Johann who carried off the secrets of Koster's process from Haarlem, in whose atelier, at the request of his nephew, he may have introduced himself as a workman. This appears the more probable, as

we learn from reliable evidence that Gutenberg the younger derived most important help from his uncle in carrying the process to ultimate perfection, after he had so long failed by his own unaided efforts to bring it into actual working form. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that a man in Gutenberg's position,—his family belonging to that of the local nobility,—should enter the service of Koster for the secret purpose of acquiring his art; and in fact a precisely parallel case may be cited which occurred soon afterwards, when the King of France, Charles VII., despatched one of his mint-masters, an expert engraver in metal, to obtain secretly a knowledge of the new art which Gutenberg was practising in Mayence, so soon as its results had become known in Paris. The emissary so despatched was no other than the celebrated Jenson, who afterwards became one of the greatest printers of the fifteenth century; and a copy of the minute or order commanding his expedition to Mayence, and explaining its secret object, is still preserved in the library of the Arsenal at Paris.*

It would appear, then, that Koster was really the first printer with movable types. On the other hand, whether Gutenberg derived the first principles of the art from the works of Koster,—which is most probable,—or whether he struck out the idea spontaneously, as Koster had done, it is certain that he carried the art to much greater perfection than his predecessor, and that within twenty years after the production of Koster's works,—possibly less,—he issued the magnificent Bible which was at once his first and greatest work,—at once an essay and a masterpiece,—a work so striking in its completeness and perfection, that Mayence, the seat of its production, became an ever-celebrated city in the annals of literature and general civilisation.

The real eminence of the first printers, as the greatest and most efficient pioneers of modern civilisation, has, however, been but very tardily acknowledged. But a new era has dawned at last, and statues and memorials are no longer the exclusive appanage of mere rank or military glory. Those energetic men, the first printers, to whose inventive genius and indomitable perseverance we owe so much more than can be expressed in a few words, are at last receiving the commemorative honours to which they are so fully entitled. That is to say, in the Low Countries, in Germany, and in France,—but not yet in England,—worthy memorials have already been erected in every city that can claim the honour of being the birthplace or the arena of the first success of any of those true worthies of our race who aided in the original development of the powers of the printing press,—the greatest engine of progress, onward and upward, that the world has ever known.

In the centre of the Place at Haërlem, opposite to the house

* It would have been interesting to cite at length this curious document, but the space allotted to a magazine article necessarily forbids our so doing.

which is supposed to occupy the spot where Koster printed the "Speculum," a bronze statue has been recently erected by the Dutch sculptor Royer, which is a truly noble work, and, as an individual statue, finer than any other of its class at present produced.

The statue of Gutenberg erected at Strasbourg, the scene of his early efforts, is also a work of genius; necessarily so, as coming from the hand of David d'Anger. The figure stands in a commanding position, and a scroll bearing a text is held forward as though just taken from the printing press; the right hand significantly pointing to the text, which is, "And there was light." At Mayence, the seat of the great printer's eventual and brilliant success, a statue was erected in his honour some twenty-five years ago; while at Frankfort, once the political and intellectual centre of the German Empire, a grand memorial in honour of the first three German printers has been recently completed. It consists of an architectural composition surmounted by the statues of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, who collectively made a German city, for a time, the most celebrated spot in Europe, as the seat of a new power.

The first arrival of these men in a new seat of action, bearing, as it were, the torch of a new light, is being at last acknowledged as a great epoch, and duly commemorated. Even the little Belgian town of Alost has its magnificent statue to Thierri Martens, the first printer who established himself there. And yet, in England, we have no monument to Caxton!—to the great Englishman, William Caxton!—as remarkable a man as any among the first great printers. He had mastered the new art as early at least as 1467; that is to say, within ten or fifteen years of the appearance of Gutenberg's Bible; and, while residing in Bruges, he issued the first book ever printed in the French language, before the French capital could boast the possession of a single printing press. He brought the new art to his native country in 1475, and rapidly trained a band of clever assistants, among whom were Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, who eventually succeeded him, and spread the art all over the land. And yet, like Shakspeare, he has no public monument; and the time is not very long past when it would have been deemed exceedingly absurd to propose erecting one to so obscure an individual as a mere printer. Verily these are things in "the manners and customs of the English" which are difficult to explain to foreigners.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THERE are more localities in Great Britain unacquainted with the footsteps of the tourist than otherwise; for but few take a walk from "John O'Groat's to the Land's End." Here and there, sparsely scattered through the length and breadth of the country, are places of historical or traditional attraction, and on these the interest of the holiday-seeker is usually concentrated. We Englishmen like to have these spots chosen for us, and are conservative enough to esteem it as unfashionable to visit out-of-the-way localities, as it would be for a Belgravian to canter through White-chapel. Generally speaking, we require an old ruin, a mineral spring, or a long track of dazzling yellow sea-sand, as a peg to hang our visit upon. Whilst we are asking, "Where shall we go this autumn?" the usual tracks of travel, from Dan to Beersheba, are so worn and beaten that we are forced to cry, "It is all barren!" Holidays are spent in going over old grounds which possess as much interest for us as travelling through a railway cutting. True, some of our more adventurous spirits have mapped out fresh fields of recreative research, and the "wilds" of Norway, Canada, and even Africa, are not unacquainted with the ring of merry English voices.

The recent article on "The Wilds of Cheshire" suggested the description of new ground to those who are adventurous enough to try it. "The Wilds of Norfolk" are even more striking than those of Cheshire. In many parts of Great Britain there are spots resembling the latter; but Norfolk stands alone in the character of its "Broad" scenery. Walter White, in his pleasant, gossiping volumes, has dwelt upon it enthusiastically; but it is necessary for a man to live in Norfolk thoroughly to enjoy the topography of the Broad district. Wilkie Collins, in his "Armadale," has given a slight but graphic sketch of one of these Broad, but his picture does not lie on the canvas long enough to be sufficiently enjoyed. In his own way, also, Charles Kingsley has adverted to many of the salient features of the Fens, in "Hereward." The district, however, I am about to describe lies more inland than that which this well-known writer has laid down as the scene of his hero's exploits. One or two local works have recently directed attention towards the Broad, such as Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," and Lubbock's "Fauna" of the same county. In both these, and more particularly in the former, there are several good bits of word-painting, sufficient to induce a man

who is careless about the fashionable reputation of his holiday places, to see the Norfolk Broads for himself.

The "Broad District" proper is included within an almost equilateral triangle, having the sea-coast for its base, and its two sides drawn from Lowestoft to Norwich, and from Norwich to Happisburgh. Within this area there are no fewer than fourteen large Broads, besides groups of smaller ones. The principal of these natural sheets of water are Surlingham, Rockland, Breydon, Filby, Ormesby, Rollesby, Hickling, Barton, Irstead, and Wroxham Broads. With the exception of the extreme north-western parts of the county, Norfolk is exceedingly flat. Formerly, this tract was so much under water that the marshes through which the rivers now flow, were formed out of peat which then grew as aquatic weed. In most of them when a bunch of grass is pulled up, empty fresh-water shells are found adhering to the roots. All the rivers have a very low fall, and consequently meander about the country before they find an outlet into the sea. The tidal wave enters their mouths and comes up for a great distance, causing the fresh water to "back up," so that ebb and flood tide are felt many miles beyond where the water has ceased to be brackish. Were any of those geological changes of which we have heard so much to occur here, and Norfolk to settle down a dozen feet or so, by far its greater portion would be submerged. Here and there, where the land lies lower than usual, the rivers all but stagnate. Their waters spread out into natural sheets or lakes, and are vernacularly termed "Broads." These are the "Wilds" I have chosen to treat upon. They resemble each other so much, that a description of the principal features of one would almost serve for the rest.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the larger Broads, few of them have a greater average depth than eight feet, the majority being even shallower still. They are, for this very reason, exceedingly favourable to the growth of a luxuriant aquatic vegetation, so that a greater area is covered by sedge and bulrush than by water. These form a splendid cover for snipe and innumerable species of aquatic fowl. The Broads, however, are not what they formerly were. The last hundred years have seen them greatly altered,—the agriculturalist will say for the better, the sportsman will say for the worse. Anyhow, the marsh lands bordering them have, in many cases, been drained and turned to good purpose; whilst, since the introduction of the American weed,—*anacharis*,—into this country, turf has been forming at a more rapid rate, causing the area of the Broads to be greatly encroached upon. What will be the result in another century it is difficult to tell, but meantime I recommend a visit to a locality where so much of the country exists now as it did when the Iceni inhabited it, and where a man may imagine he is no longer in England.

The sportsman who has spent a fortnight in fishing and shooting over the Broads, will smack his lips ever afterwards at the very

remembrance. There he finds water-hen and coot in abundance, snipe of two or three species rising and twittering at almost every yard, wild duck, mallard, and teal whirring from amid their sedgy covert, or splashing farther into it. Pike of a score pounds weight may be captured, and lordly perch that will give a good half-hour's play. Bream, roach, and eels literally swarm the waters, whilst for size they can hardly be equalled anywhere else in England. In this district it is rare, indeed, to hear anglers speak otherwise of their finny captures than by the stone!

Not the least important item about these Broads is that they may be visited so cheaply. A flat-bottomed boat, roomy enough to hold a cart and horse, can be hired for a shilling a day. If the visitor care to have a companion who knows every square foot of the country, he cannot do better than take one of the marshmen with him, who will be glad to accept half-a-crown for his day's services. These men are civil and exceedingly shrewd. They know every phase of local nature, and the habits of every fish, fowl, or four-legged animal in their neighbourhood. Marshmen are a distinct variety of the genus homo, for their general isolation from society, and their habit of spending so much time alone, make them naturally taciturn. They can, if they wish, wile away the hour by many a sporting or poaching adventure, told in the naïve, racy, Norfolk dialect. The visitor, however, must be careful about the way he strikes a fish or knocks over a snipe, for these men are exceedingly critical on these matters, and, although they may not say much, their supreme smile at any discomfiture is not calculated to improve an irritable temper.

I will suppose you, gentle reader, to be the sportsman aforesaid, that you have made all necessary arrangements for an excursion, and that you are about to start from the improvised pier near the marshman's cottage on your expedition. Gun and angling-tackle have been stowed in the boat, and your companion begins to pull through tall thickets of bulrush and sedge, the watery lanes extending through them for miles. Many a shot may be had by the way, for the marshman will row as noiselessly as if he had muffled oars. It may be that the cut on which you are floating has a sudden bend. If so, at the turn you will be certain to see half a dozen coot sporting and frolicking about. Quick! or all that is visible of them will be their white rumps, and a few bubbles indicating where they disappeared! Should you go in the early morning, or late in the evening, wild duck will be feeding. If you lie concealed a short time before, somewhere opposite to the wind, the chances are that you make a good bag. Proceeding on your pleasant voyage many an uncommon object will arrest your attention. Here and there the stately heron stands like a statue. He rises lazily as you approach, and slowly flaps away over the tall bulrushes, to continue the process of digestion in a quieter spot. The peculiar cry of the bittern is heard from amid the

reeds, although this bird, as well as the little grebe, is now becoming very rare. The kingfisher is still abundant, notwithstanding that his attractive colours cause him to be remorselessly shot down. He flits across the channel where you are rowing, his brilliant plumage glittering in the sunshine until he looks like anything but an honest English bird. The reed sparrows twitter and chirrup, and hang to the sedges, where they are swayed to and fro by the wind. Here and there a black-headed bunting pretends lameness in order to lure you away from its nest. The length of the reedy cut loses its monotony by these various incidents, and presently you see it opening out into a magnificent sheet of water, dotted with swampy islands, and set in a framework of tall sedge and dwarfed alder or willow. The eye readily catches a glimpse of many species of aquatic fowl sporting on the surface, but, strong though the temptation may be to make towards them, the attempt would be perfectly useless.

The boat glides over the Broad to some favourite spot known only to your companion. Here he thrusts down into the mud the two long poles he brought with him, and makes the boat fast to them. Below, in the clear water, you see immense shoals of fish,—roach, perch, or bream. No sooner has the gut been wetted than "bob" goes the float, and your capture is separated from you only by the length of your rod and line. This, perhaps, is a part of the Broad which your friend has repeatedly "ground-baited," so that you may confidently reckon upon good sport. The great glory of the Norfolk Broads, however, is their pike. So common are they, that in some places I have known them to be sold for manuring the land! The usual plan of taking them is by "liggering" or "trimming," and, destructive though this method is, they do not seem to be less abundant in consequence. There are several kinds of "liggers," but the following is the most common.—Be provided with good store of strong twine, and plenty of pike-hooks attached to gimp. Then take a bait,—roach is the best,—and pass the gimp by means of a needle just underneath the skin, until the hook is drawn quite close to the head of the fish. The end of the gimp is made fast to the cord. About a foot above the bait is a perforated bullet to sink the line, and three or four feet higher still, according to the depth, the cord is tied round a bunch of dry weeds, so as to represent a huge float. One end of the line is then made fast, and the entire apparatus is thrown into the water. No sooner has the roach returned to his native element than he makes desperate struggles to escape. This attracts the attention of some pike on the look-out for a feed, and, as this fish never scruples to take advantage of his prey being in a pickle, he snaps at it immediately. Down goes the impromptu float, and the pike, finding he is caught, gets to the end of his tether, and there quietly remains.

It is a usual plan for local sportsmen to go out purposely for a

day's "liggering." In that case no angling is attempted. Two or three score liggers are put out in various parts of the Broad, and, by the time the last is laid down, it will be necessary to take the first up. The whole day is thus busily spent, and the general average of fish so captured will be at least one half, if not two-thirds of the number of lines laid out. As many as four-score pike have thus been taken in one day. Not unfrequently, when the eager sportsman rows up to a submerged float, and cautiously hauls in his line, his heart palpitates as he beholds a huge pike slowly rolling over and displaying his belly. Just as he draws him to the surface, a pair of enormous jaws are displayed, there is a sudden swirl of the tail, and the monster has disappeared! Instead of the capture reckoned upon, behold a young jack of a couple of pounds! With the ravenous hunger of his tribe, superadded to that of his juvenility, he had taken the roach, and got himself into trouble. Whilst replacing the original bait, he had been swallowed by a cannibal neighbour, out of whose capacious stomach he had been regretfully hauled. The intended capture, disappointed of a meal extracted in so strange a way, has hastened to the weedy depths below, there to meditate with pike-like taciturnity upon the strange experience which has just befallen him! Mr. Cholmondley will lift up holy eyes of horror at this unsportsmanlike way of taking the pike. I am, however, but a humble chronicler of actual facts. Even he would find "spinning" at a discount, although on the very deepest Broads. The weeds are so numerous, and the water so shallow, that all his time would be occupied in disentangling the spoon or artificial bait, not from the gorge of the pike, but from the clutches of anacharis and potamogeton. True, the navigable streams which usually run through the Broads are kept pretty clear from these entanglements, and here, in the months of September and October, some splendid, and what is more, legitimate sport may be had.

In eel fishing, I am not aware that the laws of angling have laid down any rule, except that famous one of Mrs. Glasse. In this department, at least, it is fair to take your fish any way you can, the only important point being that you do take it. The muddy bottoms of the Broads and the innumerable insect larvæ which feed upon the aquatic vegetation, surround the eel with every favourable circumstance for his physical development. Accordingly, nowhere do we find eels so large and fat as in these localities. The best bait for them are small dace and roach, which are usually obtained for that purpose with a casting-net. On the Broads, towards six in the evening, you will frequently see a couple of men in a boat busily engaged in making fast to the weeds one end of a long line. Their boat is then thrust off, and the line paid out for forty or fifty yards, when it is sunk by a weight. Along it, at intervals of every three or four feet, a series of strings is fastened, to each of which a hooked bait is

attached. These are all allowed to lie on the bottom, and, as eels generally move about between dusk and midnight, the greater part are sure to be taken before morning. Thirty or forty hooks are usually attached to a single line. Early next morning the men return to take up their primitive snares; and no small task it is; for the captured eels will have wriggled round the weeds or dug themselves into the mud; so that, unless caution be used, it is more than probable the lines will be broken and the greater portion of the spoils lost.

Another way of taking eels, and by far the more ingenious, is that known as "babbing," or bobbing." A series of large worms are strung on cobbler's worsted and coiled into a knot. This is fastened to the end of about six feet of strong cord, and a weight is attached about three inches above the bait. The line is then tied to the end of a stout hazel-pole; and, provided with this simple tackling, about nine o'clock in the evening you row to a part of the river or Broad where there is a tolerably clear bottom. Having made fast the boat, and, of course, lit a pipe as a preliminary, you gently let down the line until you feel the bottom with the weight. It is then drawn up again until the bunch of worms just trails on the ground. Many minutes will not have elapsed before you feel an electrical sort of jerk travelling down the pole into your right arm. Another tug, more powerful than the former, and quickly, but without any plucking, you raise the line over the boat, and in flops a big eel! I have known a couple of "babbers" to take as many as four or five stone of eels in a single night. No small amount of practice is required to drop your prey into the boat. If the eel happen to be unusually large, the chances are that you tug at him so strongly that, when you lift him out, the impetus carries him over the boat, and drops him in aqua pura on the other side! I have enjoyed few sports more than "babbing." The clear starlight overhead, the sighing and sighing of the wind among the reeds, the ripple of the water against the boat, and the strange sounds which break upon the ear of night, are calculated to produce an effect upon the mind never to be forgotten.

The nearest Broad to Norwich, Surlingham, is five or six miles from that city. It is not very extensive, averaging about a hundred acres. Its communication with the river Yare is by a series of small channels, as is also the case with Rockland Broad, about two miles lower down. Some decent shooting and first-rate fishing are still to be had here, although the near neighbourhood of the railway has greatly affected them for the worse. Surlingham Broad is a frequently-visited spot by the botanist, inasmuch as that rare fern, *Polypodium calcareum*, grows in abundance on one of its reedy islands. In the summer time, every channel is lined with the tall stems and blooms of the flowering rush, the yellow iris, the arrow-head, and the water-plantain. The greater portion of every Broad is aglow with white

and yellow water-lilies, peeping out of cool leaves, and underneath which you might fancy "*Sabrina fair*" to be sitting, were it not that the water is too shallow! With the exception of *Hassingham Broad*,—privately preserved,—there are no other Broads between *Norwich* and *Yarmouth*. "*Breydon Water*," as it is commonly termed, where the *Yare* and *Waveney* join previous to their debouchure into the sea, may rank as one, although it is so affected by the tides that it cannot be classed among the fresh-water lakes. In the winter there is some splendid shooting to be had here, and not bad fishing during the summer. But, to get into the "*Broad district*" proper, you must go up the river *Bure*, which also empties itself into the sea at *Yarmouth*. This river is more sinuous than any other, owing to the general flatness of the country through which it passes. Considering this, however, the scenery is tolerably diversified and agreeable.

Travelling up the *Bure*, in a north-westerly direction, you reach *Filby Broad*, at a distance of about five miles from *Yarmouth*. This spot has long been famous for its wild duck, mallard, and teal; its neighbourhood to the coast making it a splendid shelter for these birds. Its fishing is not less abundant, and although this Broad only extends over an area of one hundred and sixty acres, its narrow and sinuous character makes it appear much larger. It is divided from *Ormesby Broad*,—preserved on account of its being the main water supply to the town of *Great Yarmouth*,—by a narrow road-bridge. With the exception of those at *Barton* and *Wroxham*, there is no Broad in *Norfolk* so picturesque. Indeed, were the vegetation a little less English, you might easily imagine yourself upon one of the Italian lakes! *Horsey Mere*, although only a few miles distant from *Filby*, as the crow flies, is a long way by water, and you will have to leave the *Bure* once more to reach it. Still higher up is *Hickling Broad*, the largest and most extensive in the county, being above three miles in circumference. Its bottom is gravelly over its entire area, so that pike and perch literally swarm in it. But, with the exception of the deep channel running through its midst, along which the tan-coloured barges sail, *Hickling Broad* is so shallow that a man might wade all over it without sinking lower than the armpits.

Returning to the *Bure* again, you presently reach *South Walsham* and *Ranworth Broads*. Both are exceedingly picturesque, and each is connected with the main river by long reedy channels. The latter Broad was, until quite recently, a successful duck decoy; whilst the former is famous for its eels, perch, and tench, as well as for its neighbourhood to a magnificent ruin, that of *St. Bennett's Abbey*. *South Walsham Broad* is divided into two sheets, connected by a strait termed "*The Weirs*." The further portion is richly wooded down to the very water's edge. The last time I was out on these Broads, during the present summer, the "*salt-water tide*," as the natives term it, had flowed higher up the river than usual, and the

surface of the water was literally covered in some places by pike, of from two to eight pounds weight, which had died in consequence. These periodic "salt tides" do immense harm to the fresh-water fish.

Leaving the Bure, and sailing up the Ant, the next Broads we come to are those of Barton and Irstead, which, in magnitude, approach nearest to Hickling, but are far more picturesque. These Broads are also connected with each other by a narrow strait of water. Both possess great attractions for the botanist on account of their many rare plants. Nowhere, perhaps, do perch attain the size they do here, three and four pound fish being quite common in the deeper parts. The swampy margins of these Broads are pea-green with the little marsh fern *Polypodium thelypteris*, whilst great thickets of the royal flowering fern *Osmunda regalis*,—truly so called,—seven and eight feet high, give to the shores almost a tropical appearance! In the evening the aromatic odours of the sweet gale, whose arborescent underwood covers the turf, are wafted over the lake with delightful effect. The bladder-wort also,—always a rare botanical prize,—is tolerably common here. With these associated floral and other rarities, it is not surprising that the *Lepidoptera* should be equally various, or that the entomologist should make his best captures in such a neighbourhood. The principal Broad through which the river Bure passes is that at Wroxham, about seven miles distant from Norwich. The water is deep enough here for an annual regatta to be held, which is always a source of attraction to Norwich people. Walter White has given a lively description, in his "Eastern England," of one of these "water frolics," as they are locally termed. Indeed, a man who has seen this sheet of water, with its rich framework of fine old trees, is not likely soon to forget it. The effect is considerably heightened by the light river yachts, with their snow-white sails, and by the concourse of people who attend the regatta.

Besides the above-mentioned Broads, there are minor ones at Salhouse, Belagh, Ludham, Mautby, and a dozen others smaller still, which more or less fringe the coast from Winterton to Happisburgh. The most economical, and yet the most effective way, to explore these regions unknown to Cockneydom, would be to hire a yacht for a fortnight, with a man to sail it. Then, to your heart's content, you might shoot, fish, botanise, or sketch. Anchoring at a different place each evening, fresh scenes and objects new would always be met with. Occasional visits to scattered villages, with their round and square-towered churches, rich in archæological treasures, would form an agreeable relief. Altogether, in these not far-off "Wilds of Norfolk," I dare promise the adventurer a treat such as he is not likely to get anywhere else in the whole of old England

GIAMPIETRO VIEUSSEUX,
THE FLORENTINE BOOKSELLER.

GIAMPIETRO,—or John Peter,—Viusseux was a publisher and bookseller of Florence from 1820 to 1863. Many of our readers will no doubt know, but many perhaps may not know, why it should be considered worth while to occupy these pages and their time with some account of Giampietro Viusseux, more than of all the other publishers and booksellers of Italy and other foreign parts during the same period. The reasons for doing so are partly the same which moved the kings of Italy and of Prussia to confer on him crosses of their orders of knighthood, on his eightieth birthday, in 1859; and partly the specialty, which seems to render some account of the great patron and founder of modern Italian periodical literature appropriate in the pages of a magazine. Viusseux was one of the most remarkable figures in the social world of Florence during the whole of the period above noted. He was the centre around which all the literary society of Tuscany, and much of that of Italy beyond the limits of Tuscany, grouped itself during a very interesting period of nearly half a century. He won in a rare degree the respect and affection,—it would not be too much to say the veneration,—of the literary men of the period; and he exercised no small influence over the progress of the social and political movement, which has resulted in making Italy a nation.

The family of Viusseux came from Geneva. His grandfather was a highly respected cloth merchant there, but was exiled in 1782. He joined his son, who had some years previously settled at Oneglia, on the Ligurian coast, between Nice and Genoa, for the purposes of his trade, where Giampietro, the subject of our notice, was born in 1779. From this haven his family were again driven out by French troops in 1792. The French sacked and burned Oneglia, and the family of Viusseux were well-nigh, if not quite, ruined. The old grandfather had escaped the misfortune, by dying twelve days before the sack of his house. Giampietro, then thirteen years old, and his father, after escaping sundry perils, wandered for some years to various parts of the Ligurian coast, endeavouring to find a place and opportunities for the re-establishment of their commerce. After 1814, Giampietro travelled extensively in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, the Crimea, Turkey, and the African coast, for the purposes of his trade. But he became tired of a life and an occupation which had not enriched him, and which was not to his taste; and in the July of 1819, being then forty years of

age, he came to Florence, intent on the realisation of other projects.

This time he had chosen his resting-place fortunately. In those days Florence was specially adapted for the purposes Vieusseux had in his head. It was at the same time the most Italian and the most European of Italian cities, as Niccolò Tommaseo has remarked in his book on Giampietro Vieusseux. The government was at that time by far the best and the most mild in Italy. Nor until the disappointments and the tergiversations of 1848 had taught the Tuscans to conceive hopes and wishes not realisable under a prince of Austrian race, were they discontented with it. The censorship of the press was especially mild. And, like many other things in Tuscany in those old times, the liberty was in reality greater still than the government professed it to be. If other despotisms have been tempered by regicide, that of Tuscany was tempered by laziness, and determined winking. Even those books which the censor did profess to condemn, used, in those good old easy-going days, to be openly sold in all the shops. Who would be bothered with going to look after them? From time to time the Nuncio would grumble more or less loudly. And then, perhaps, the grand-ducal authorities would, after much inert resistance, be stimulated into ordering that all copies of condemned books should be confiscated. And so they were put away under the counters, and never seen any more on them for perhaps as much as a whole week. And all this tended to give to Florence the cosmopolitan character which has been attributed to it in those days; and the same circumstances contributed to attract non-Italian foreigners of many nations;—some as refugees, more as idlers, or as “dilettanti” of art and artistic people, places and things, of easy society, and of the soft Italian skies. Our own countrymen, of course, belonged to the second category. But among all the persons of more or less literary tastes and pretensions who were thus gathered together in the “gentile Citta de’ Fiori,” Vieusseux was a central and leading figure, and his establishments and the knot of men gathered round him an attraction.

His first care on arriving at Florence was to obtain a “local habitation” in a central position of the city,—a very much easier matter to achieve in those days than in these. And Vieusseux succeeded in establishing himself in the Palazzo Buondelmonte, in the Piazza Trinità, one of the best and most central positions of Florence. Very many of the English who have returned home from the City of Flowers have probably not known that the fine and sombre-looking old palace, which has been familiar to them as “Vieusseux’s,” bore so historical a name. But of all the thousands who, during the last half century, have passed a few months, or weeks, in Florence, it may be safely said that hardly one has not among his Florentine reminiscences a vivid recollection of the first-floor rooms in the fine old

palace. And very many have far more cherished remembrances of the rooms on the floor above, in which the veteran publisher was wont on Thursday nights to receive, not only all the literary world of Florence, but also, with the generosity of a ready welcome, all brethren of the guild, from whatever land they might come.

In the ample suites of rooms on the first-floor, it was the care of Vieusseux, on his arrival in Florence, to establish his "*Gabinetto Letterario e Scientifico*,"—a series of reading-rooms, certainly in those days, and perhaps even yet, the best supplied with all the periodical literature of Europe of any similar establishment out of London or Paris. To this was added a large and varied library of a very different calibre from the ordinary quality of circulating libraries. And this establishment served the ulterior objects of Vieusseux, by making his house the rendezvous of every man of literary mark, whether a permanent, or only a temporary, resident in Florence. It was the practice of the establishment to cause every person who used the rooms or the library to write his name in a book; and Tommasèo remarks that the registers thus compiled in the forty years and more of existence of the "*Gabinetto*" form a very curious and interesting collection of autographs; and observes that, "perhaps in the case of many of the vast number of celebrated persons who passed through Florence during that long series of years, no trace of the fact of their having been there will remain, save in those registers."

Every Thursday evening for more than forty years the best literary society of Florence, mixed with visitors from every country, whose names or tastes gave them the right or the desire to make part of such a circle, was to be found assembled in the rooms on the second-floor of the Palazzo Buonelmonte. And it was often an amusing thing to hear the patriarch host speak of his remembrances of many of his passing visitors. Tommasèo mentions that Vieusseux once pointed out to him Santanna, "showing his square shoulders as he stood reading a book at the shelves, and supporting himself on the leg which afterwards, while he was still in life, was carried to the grave with military honours." Vieusseux was, as all men must be whose lives are filled as his was filled, a very busy man. And it sometimes occurred that his patience was not a little tried by visitors, who were apt to forget that a busy man is often sore pressed by the sad fact that each day has only its allotted four-and-twenty hours in it. It was amusing to hear his lamentations over the long hours during which Cooper, "the American Scott," as the Italians call him, would button-hole him in interminable talk, sitting on the table the while.

But the great work of Vieusseux's Florentine life was the foundation and publication during twelve years of the "*Antologia*." It is at least on this achievement that the permanent connection of his name with the history of Italian literature, and with that of Italian regeneration, rests. To found a periodical of liberal principles and

tendencies in those days in Italy,—in 1820, that is to say,—was a work of heroism. To keep it alive for twelve years was a miracle of skill, perseverance, constancy, and ingenuity in avoiding obstacles which could not be removed. To have done this in any other part of Italy save Tuscany would have been absolutely impossible and out of the question. Unsleping vigilance, tact, moderation, and careful self-censorship could alone have performed the feat in Florence; for the instinct of self-preservation is sure to be found unerring in despotic governments, and the work of the "*Antologia*" was to prepare the mind of Italy for the state of things that was to bring with it the destruction of the various despotisms.

The first number of the "*Antologia*" appeared in January, 1820, and the last at the end of 1832. It began with less than one hundred subscribers; in its eighth year it had five hundred and thirty; and in its ninth "but few of the number printed, seven hundred and fifty, if I am not mistaken," says Tommasèo, "remained on hand." Such a measure of success may seem, probably, to those who have been accustomed to form their ideas of such matters from English standards very much more like failure. It is to be feared, indeed, that, looked at merely as a commercial speculation, it may have been more like a failure than a success to the publisher. But Vieusseux did not by any means regard his enterprize merely, or even mainly, as a commercial speculation. His heart was in the work of preaching the gospel of civil and social progress to a people almost as anxious to hear the teaching as they were in extreme need of it. And in this work the "*Antologia*" was a great and undoubted success. It was recognised as such most unequivocally by those of the old faith, against whom the preaching was directed, as well as by those on whose side the "*Antologia*" fought its fight. Great was the outcry it occasioned,—virulent the opposition it encountered,—many the attempts to still the new and dangerously importunate voice.

At last these attempts were successful; and the story of the death of the "*Antologia*" is a curious illustration of the state of things in Italy at that time. I have spoken of the great comparative liberalism of the Tuscan Government at that period; but it must be remembered that if liberal writers in Tuscany had a difficult task to perform, somewhat analogous to the feat of dancing in fetters, in so saying what they had to say as to avoid exceeding the bounds of the censor's tolerance, the censor in his turn and his employers had a hardly less puzzling difficulty to contend with, in the necessity of avoiding the complaints of other less liberal governments. And these complaints were ever and anon uttered in a tone which it was impossible for the Grand-Ducal Government to disregard. Austria, on the one hand, and the Papal Court on the other, were very hard task-masters and overseers to the Tuscan Government. The Nuncio and the Austrian ambassador were ever vigilantly on the look out to

control and neutralize the liberalistic tendencies of the Grand-Ducal ministers. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the latter were in a position in those days to govern the states of the Grand Duke as free agents. It was a mistake which no Tuscan fell into. But how could it be otherwise? It was impossible for a pious Catholic prince to tell the Pope to go and be mindful of his own business, when his Holiness complained that writings were published with the "imprimatur" of the Tuscan censor, which were subversive of the principles of social order and religion. It was still more out of the question to disregard the behests of an Austrian cousin, the head of the family, and the master of any number of white-coated soldiers. No schoolboy ever lived in greater terror of his pedagogue than did the unhappy Tuscan censor and his employers of the vigilant Austrian and Papal censors of his censorship. And it may be considered tolerably certain that but for this supervision, what with careless inertness, what with a real wish to continue to deserve the character for comparative liberalism, which Tuscany had enjoyed throughout the peninsula ever since the days of Peter Leopold, and what with an innate dislike of making a fuss, writers might have pretty well printed what they pleased in Florence.

But for some time past a dead set had been made at the "Antologia" by the despotic and paternal Governments. From 1820 to 1832, the years which comprise the duration of its life, those Governments had been continually becoming more and more uneasy, and were continually drawing the rein tighter and tighter. At last, towards the end of 1832, Vieusseux was called to Leghorn, and detained there some time by the death of his father in that city. "I," says Tommasèo, "was not entrusted during his absence with the care of the number which was just then in preparation, and which turned out to be the last; and if I had been, I should have had no cause to accuse myself of negligence or imprudence." For the sheets of that number had, besides the censorship of the ordinary censor, been subjected to so severe a revision by the Minister of State himself, that the press had been altered no less than fourteen times at his instance. And the pages, thus castigated, had received the imprimatur of the Government in the ordinary form. The social picture thus placed before us, of a Minister of State distrusting the vigilance of his own censor, and finding time and submitting himself to the labour of such minute examination of every phrase of a periodical publication as to send it back to the press fourteen times, is a curious one, and indicates the "tightness" of the situation. Thus expurgated and corrected the number was printed, and was not stopped at its entrance into the surrounding States, as had happened to many previous numbers. The blots were hit, and the anger and terror of the paternal Governments were aroused by the vigilance and the strictures of the "well-affected" press,—of course the first to be down upon "an erring sister's"

fault. There were two articles in the number which stirred up the storm that finally wrecked the "*Antologia*;" one, a notice of a poem entitled "*Peter of Russia*," and dedicated to the Czar Nicholas, in which the writer of the review lamented that the poet, "dazzled by the gems of a crown, had been blind and deaf to the torments and the groans of a dispersed nation." The other was an article by Tommasèo himself on a new Italian translation of Pausanias, in which certain portions of Grecian history were allusively applied to the then position of the Austrian Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The Austrian and the Russian Ministers called upon the Tuscan Government for the exemplary punishment of the audacious writers, whose words the Tuscan Prime Minister had, after long examination, allowed to be printed. "And my belief is," writes Tommasèo, "that the Grand Duke himself and his ministers felt at that moment a much greater grudge against Russia and Austria, which forced them to stultify themselves, and to act in opposition to their wonted easy-going mildness, than they felt against the '*Antologia*,' which gave them more trouble and annoyance by its death than it would have given them by living. . . . Certain it is that the affair caused more trouble and vexation at the Palazzo Pitti than it did at the Palazzo Buondelmonte; and that the Austrian and Russian ministers were not nearly so troublesome or so mischievous to the '*Antologia*' as they were to Leopold II." Vieusseux was sent for by the Minister of Police, and was asked for the names of the writers of the two inculpated articles. He declined to give them. And the suppression of the "*Antologia*" was therefore decreed. The writer of the review on the poem was in circumstances which would have made it ruinous to him to have been named as the author of the article. But Tommasèo volunteered a communication to the Minister, in which he accused himself of the authorship of both articles; to no purpose, as what the Austrians and the Russians were determined to obtain was the suppression of the hated publication. The Tuscan Government made the decree as required; paying to the publisher an indemnity for all the loss on the suppressed number.

Thus died the "*Antologia*!" It would be difficult, perhaps, for one not acquainted with Italy and its history during the last half century to believe how great was the influence exercised on the social progress of the nation by a publication which never circulated over 750 copies. It is a fact, however, very notorious in the peninsula, that the influence exercised by Vieusseux's publication in the work of preparing the way and the national mind for the great changes which have since been consummated, was important and very appreciable. In the first place it was the first thing of the sort that was essentially, both professedly and in reality, Italian, as distinguished from Piedmontese, Lombard, Venetian, Roman, or Neapolitan. How great a matter this will be understood by those who can remember the

acrimonious eagerness of the old Governments to suppress and ignore all use of the word "Italian," together with that celebrated assertion of Metternich, that "'Italy' was but a geographical phrase," which did more, perhaps, than ever a chance word did before, towards bringing about its own contradiction. Another specialty that was more important in that time and country than might at first sight strike one living under very different social circumstances, was the anonymous character of the articles, and the certainty felt by everybody that the publisher might be safely depended upon in no case to give up the name of an inculpated author.

From first to last, Viusseux managed the publication with the hand of a master. "With a frankness, perhaps unique," says Tommasèo, "he would publicly and plainly tell his contributors that this article was weak, or that other too negligent in style. And it may well be believed that in private he spoke with the same frank simplicity, both to the most authoritative among them, and to the most touchy. And almost always he obtained his end,—so far," adds Signor Tommasèo, "as it was possible to obtain it from men of letters. And recruiting his staff both within and beyond the frontiers of Tuscany, and ever refreshing and invigorating it with new minds, he not only preserved but revived and strengthened its life continually. . . . Hence, from these and other causes, the respect paid to the journal was something more than to a mere journal is usually accorded. And the few copies which circulated through Italy,—slow in their progress and almost always more or less impeded, always objects of suspicion to the different governments, half prohibited, as one may say, often altogether interdicted by fears which proved more abundantly the weakness of the governments than the power of the publication, but which in truth increased its influence,—found their way into a great number of hands. And the difficulties in the way of procuring them increased the desire to see them."

If the present notice were intended for Italian readers, it would be due to the memory of a bookseller, who so conducted his bookselling as to render it a more important element of, and contribution to, the growth and progress of Italian social and political improvement than the life-work of the majority of Italian politicians, to record the principal undertakings, which have been recognised by the Italians as largely co-operating towards this end. But to English readers it will suffice to mention another serial publication, which has become well known to the literary world in every part of Europe,—the "*Archivio Storico Italiano*."

It was for a long time a wish of Viusseux that some competent Italian should undertake the continuation of the great work of Muratori. But the complexion of the times seemed then to give small promise of the possibility of successfully prosecuting so gigantic an undertaking. Viusseux, therefore, put his own hand and shoulder

to the work in a somewhat more modest form, and with less colossal pretensions. The scope of the *Archivio Storico* was to publish documents, chronicles, and early works relating to Italian history in the centuries from the fourteenth to the seventeenth,—I do not think that anything in the *Archivio Storico* belongs to a date either earlier or later than these,—which had never been printed, or which had become so scarce as to be equally inaccessible. This task was accomplished between the years 1842 and 1854, in a series of seventeen handsome volumes, in octavo, forming a body of materials for Italian history well worthy to be ranked with Muratori's folios, and which have been so thoroughly recognised as such by historical students that the work has now become a very scarce book. Tommasèo says modestly that many of the pieces printed in the "*Archivio*" may be considered to be more correctly edited and more scientifically illustrated than the greater part of the collection due to the immense industry of "that giant of erudition, the Modenese priest,"—Muratori. The general verdict of the learned world of Europe would, I think, justify the statement of the above criticism in much stronger terms. The very various histories, fragments of histories, and documents printed in the *Archivio* have in almost every—I think I may say in every—instance been edited with all the minute care, and an abundance of the correlative and elucidatory knowledge which the present condition and requirements of historical science demand of an editor. And the world of readers knows how far this is from being the case with the great Muratorian Thesaurus. And this may be said without any undue depreciation of the Modenese giant of erudition, or any ingratitude towards his colossal labour, without which it may be said that Italian history would not exist.

Do not let us put ourselves in the category of the pigmy in G. B. Niccolini's allegory, who, having clambered to the shoulders of a giant, began to belabour him about the head, boasting that he could see a deal farther than the stupid old giant could, and meriting the giant's retort, that without him and his tall shoulders to sit on he, the pigmy, could have seen nothing at all. The editors who have done their work so well in the *Archivio* all sit on the shoulders of the Modenese giant, and would be the last men in the world to underrate their obligations to him. And, besides, they are many, and he was one! They have all the advantage of the well-arranged division of labour. "Alone I did it, boy!" the venerable shade of the old Modenese librarian might say, with justifiable triumph, to any one of those who have come after him, as he pointed to the goodly row of his four-and-twenty huge double-columned folios.

In speaking of the excellence of the "*apparatus criticus*" provided for the works published in the *Archivio*, and of the editing generally, it may be worth while to notice one deficiency of a secondary and mechanical, but yet important, kind. The Indices are all far from

satisfactory. We never saw an Index to an Italian book which was not unsatisfactory. And the fact seems to be a curious indication of the deficiency in minute and mechanical precision which appears to be a characteristic of the Italian mind, and which is perhaps inseparable from that quickness of the perceptive faculties which marks the artistic temperament, and which may be held to be the special heritage of the Italian people.

After the completion of the *Archivio Storico*, in seventeen volumes, as above stated, Vieusseux changed in some respects the form and purpose of the work, and commenced a second series under the same title. Among other modifications, the work became a periodical, a number containing about 250 pages, octavo, at the price of five francs, appearing every three months. The work is still wholly dedicated to the promotion of the study of Italian history. It continued to publish smaller portions of the early materials of the history of the different states of the peninsula,—short chronicles, letters, diaries, and such like documents; but added to its former plan original articles on the same subject,—always leaving the hot ground of modern Italian history untouched,—reviews of historical works, accounts of all that is being done for Italian history by the various societies which have recently been formed for the purpose, necrological articles, notices of works in the same field of labour, and other cognate matters. In this form the work was continued under the care of the founder till his death. And it is still continued in the form which he gave it, and following the impulse which his mind and hand supplied to it, under the able care of “the Royal Commission of Italian History for the Provinces of Tuscany, Umbria, and the Marches.” Nor have other portions perished of the good that Giampietro Vieusseux accomplished, and the work that he did. In one sense, of course, none of it has perished. But much is still extant in the outward and visible form which he gave it. There is the “Gabinetto” still open in the storied Palazzo Buondelmonte, in the Piazza Trinità; and it is in all respects worthily carried on by the nephews of the founder.

Enough, we trust, has been said to show that the bookseller Vieusseux was a member of the literary guild worthy of the memorial which has here been offered of him. As to the void which his death was felt to have left in the literary world of Italy, it would be easy to fill several pages with an account of the universal expression of feeling, of the public and private testimonies to his worth, and to the value and importance of his activity in the position he had made for himself, and which none other is at hand to fill. But it will suffice to record the exclamation of his old friend and fellow-worker, Lambruschini, the brother of the cardinal of the same name, when the news of Vieusseux's death reached him,—“Noi siamo sbandati!”—We are disbanded!

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY BALDOCK DOES NOT SEND A CARD TO PHINEAS FINN.

LADY BALDOCK'S house in Berkeley Square was very stately,—a large house with five front windows in a row, and a big door, and a huge square hall, and a fat porter in a round-topped chair;—but it was dingy and dull, and could not have been painted for the last ten years, or furnished for the last twenty. Nevertheless, Lady Baldock had "evenings," and people went to them,—though not such a crowd of people as would go to the evenings of Lady Glencora. Now Mr. Phineas Finn had not been asked to the evenings of Lady Baldock for the present season, and the reason was after this wise.

"Yes, Mr. Finn;" Lady Baldock had said to her daughter, who, early in the spring, was preparing the cards. "You may send one to Mr. Finn, certainly."

"I don't know that he is very nice," said Augusta Boreham, whose eyes at Saulsby had been sharper perhaps than her mother's, and who had her suspicions.

But Lady Baldock did not like interference from her daughter. "Mr. Finn, certainly," she continued. "They tell me that he is a very rising young man, and he sits for Lord Brentford's borough. Of course he is a Radical, but we cannot help that. All the rising young men are Radicals now. I thought him very civil at Saulsby."

"But, mamma——"

"Well!"

"Don't you think that he is a little free with Violet?"

"What on earth do you mean, Augusta?"

"Have you not fancied that he is——fond of her?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"I think he is. And I have sometimes fancied that she is fond of him, too."

"I don't believe a word of it, Augusta,—not a word. I should have seen it if it was so. I am very sharp in seeing such things. They never escape me. Even Violet would not be such a fool as that. Send him a card, and if he comes I shall soon see." Miss Boreham quite understood her mother, though she could never master her,—and the card was prepared. Miss Boreham could never master her mother by her own efforts; but it was, I think, by a little intrigue on her part that Lady Baldock was mastered, and, indeed, altogether

cowed, in reference to our hero, and that this victory was gained on that very afternoon in time to prevent the sending of the card.

When the mother and daughter were at tea, before dinner, Lord Baldock came into the room, and, after having been patted and petted and praised by his mother, he took up all the cards out of a china bowl and ran his eyes over them. "Lord Fawn!" he said; "the greatest ass in all London! Lady Hartletop! you know she won't come." "I don't see why she shouldn't come," said Lady Baldock;—"a mere country clergyman's daughter!" "Julius Cæsar Conway;—a great friend of mine, and therefore he always blackballs my other friends at the club. Lord Chiltern; I thought you were at daggers drawn with Chiltern." "They say he is going to be reconciled to his father, Gustavus, and I do it for Lord Brentford's sake. And he won't come, so it does not signify. And I do believe that Violet has really refused him." "You are quite right about his not coming," said Lord Baldock, continuing to read the cards; "Chiltern certainly won't come. Count Sparrowsky;—I wonder what you know about Sparrowsky that you should ask him here." "He is asked about, Gustavus; he is indeed," pleaded Lady Baldock. "I believe that Sparrowsky is a penniless adventurer. Mr. Monk; well, he is a Cabinet Minister. Sir Gregory Greeswing; you mix your people nicely at any rate. Sir Gregory Greeswing is the most old-fashioned Tory in England." "Of course we are not political, Gustavus." "Phineas Finn. They come alternately,—one and one."

"Mr. Finn is asked everywhere, Gustavus."

"I don't doubt it. They say he is a very good sort of fellow. They say also that Violet has found that out as well as other people."

"What do you mean, Gustavus?"

"I mean that everybody is saying that this Phineas Finn is going to set himself up in the world by marrying your niece. He is quite right to try it on, if he has a chance."

"I don't think he would be right at all," said Lady Baldock, with much energy. "I think he would be wrong,—shamefully wrong. They say he's the son of an Irish doctor, and that he hasn't a shilling in the world."

"That is just why he would be right. What is such a man to do, but to marry money? He's a deuced good-looking fellow, too, and will be sure to do it."

"He should work for his money in the city, then, or somewhere there. But I don't believe it, Gustavus; I don't, indeed."

"Very well. I only tell you what I hear. The fact is that he and Chiltern have already quarrelled about her. If I were to tell you that they have been over to Holland together and fought a duel about her, you wouldn't believe that."

"Fought a duel about Violet! People don't fight duels now, and I should not believe it."

"Very well. Then send your card to Mr. Finn." And, so saying, Lord Baldock left the room.

Lady Baldock sat in silence for some time toasting her toes at the fire, and Augusta Boreham sat by, waiting for orders. She felt pretty nearly sure that new orders would be given if she did not herself interfere. "You had better put by that card for the present, my dear," said Lady Baldock at last. "I will make inquiries. I don't believe a word of what Gustavus has said. I don't think that even Violet is such a fool as that. But if rash and ill-natured people have spoken of it, it may be as well to be careful."

"It is always well to be careful;—is it not, mamma?"

"Not but what I think it very improper that these things should be said about a young woman; and as for the story of the duel, I don't believe a word of it. It is absurd. I dare say that Gustavus invented it at the moment, just to amuse himself."

The card of course was not sent, and Lady Baldock at any rate put so much faith in her son's story as to make her feel it to be her duty to interrogate her niece on the subject. Lady Baldock at this period of her life was certainly not free from fear of Violet Effingham. In the numerous encounters which took place between them, the aunt seldom gained that amount of victory which would have completely satisfied her spirit. She longed to be dominant over her niece as she was dominant over her daughter; and when she found that she missed such supremacy, she longed to tell Violet to depart from out her borders, and be no longer niece of hers. But had she ever done so, Violet would have gone at the instant, and then terrible things would have followed. There is a satisfaction in turning out of doors a nephew or niece who is pecuniarily dependent, but when the youthful relative is richly endowed, the satisfaction is much diminished. It is the duty of a guardian, no doubt, to look after the ward; but if this cannot be done, the ward's money should at least be held with as close a fist as possible. But Lady Baldock, though she knew that she would be sorely wounded, poked about on her old body with the sharp lances of disobedience, and struck with the cruel swords of satire, if she took upon herself to scold or even to question Violet, nevertheless would not abandon the pleasure of lecturing and teaching. "It is my duty," she would say to herself, "and though it be taken in a bad spirit, I will always perform my duty." So she performed her duty, and asked Violet Effingham some few questions respecting Phineas Finn. "My dear," she said, "do you remember meeting a Mr. Finn at Saulsby?"

"A Mr. Finn, aunt! Why, he is a particular friend of mine. Of course I do, and he was at Saulsby. I have met him there more than once. Don't you remember that we were riding about together?"

"I remember that he was there, certainly; but I did not know that he was a special—friend."

"Most especial, aunt. A 1, I may say;—among young men, I mean."

Lady Baldock was certainly the most indiscreet of old women in such a matter as this, and Violet the most provoking of young ladies. Lady Baldock, believing that there was something to fear,—as, indeed, there was, much to fear,—should have been content to destroy the card, and to keep the young lady away from the young gentleman, if such keeping away was possible to her. But Miss Effingham was certainly very wrong to speak of any young man as being A 1. Fond as I am of Miss Effingham, I cannot justify her, and must acknowledge that she used the most offensive phrase she could find, on purpose to annoy her aunt.

"Violet," said Lady Baldock, briding up, "I never heard such a word before from the lips of a young lady."

"Not as A 1? I thought it simply meant very good."

"A 1 is a nobleman," said Lady Baldock.

"No, aunt;—A 1 is a ship,—a ship that is very good," said Violet.

"And do you mean to say that Mr. Finn is,—is,—is,—very good?"

"Yes, indeed. You ask Lord Brentford, and Mr. Kennedy. You know he saved poor Mr. Kennedy from being throttled in the streets."

"That has nothing to do with it. A policeman might have done that."

"Then he would have been A 1 of policemen,—though A 1 does not mean a policeman."

"He would have done his duty, and so perhaps did Mr. Finn."

"Of course he did, aunt. It couldn't have been his duty to stand by and see Mr. Kennedy throttled. And he nearly killed one of the men, and took the other prisoner with his own hands. And he made a beautiful speech the other day. I read every word of it. I am so glad he's a Liberal. I do like young men to be Liberals." Now Lord Baldock was a Tory, as had been all the Lord Baldocks,—since the first who had been bought over from the Whigs in the time of George III. at the cost of a barony.

"You have nothing to do with politics, Violet."

"Why shouldn't I have something to do with politics, aunt?"

"And I must tell you that your name is being very unpleasantly mentioned in connection with that of this young man because of your indiscretion."

"What indiscretion?" Violet, as she made her demand for a more direct accusation, stood quite upright before her aunt, looking the old woman full in the face,—almost with her arms akimbo.

"Calling him A 1, Violet."

"People have been talking about me and Mr. Finn, because I just now, at this very moment, called him A 1 to you! If you want to scold me about anything, aunt, do find out something less ridiculous than that."

"It was most improper language,—and if you used it to me, I am sure you would to others."

"To what others?"

"To Mr. Finn,—and those sort of people."

"Call Mr. Finn A 1 to his face! Well,—upon my honour I don't know why I should not. Lord Chiltern says he rides beautifully, and if we were talking about riding I might do so."

"You have no business to talk to Lord Chiltern about Mr. Finn at all."

"Have I not? I thought that perhaps the one sin might palliate the other. You know, aunt, no young lady, let her be ever so ill-disposed, can marry two objectionable young men,—at the same time."

"I said nothing about your marrying Mr. Finn."

"Then, aunt, what did you mean?"

"I meant that you should not allow yourself to be talked of with an adventurer, a young man without a shilling, a person who has come from nobody knows where in the bogs of Ireland."

"But you used to ask him here."

"Yes,—as long as he knew his place. But I shall not do so again. And I must beg you to be circumspect."

"My dear aunt, we may as well understand each other. I will not be circumspect, as you call it. And if Mr. Finn asked me to marry him to-morrow, and if I liked him well enough, I would take him,—even though he had been dug right out of a bog. Not only because I liked him,—mind! If I were unfortunate enough to like a man who was nothing, I would refuse him in spite of my liking,—because he was nothing. But this young man is not nothing. Mr. Finn is a fine fellow, and if there were no other reason to prevent my marrying him than his being the son of a doctor, and coming out of the bogs, that would not do so. Now I have made a clean breast to you as regards Mr. Finn; and if you do not like what I've said, aunt, you must acknowledge that you have brought it on yourself."

Lady Baldock was left for a time speechless. But no card was sent to Phineas Finn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PROMOTION.

PHINEAS got no card from Lady Baldock, but one morning he received a note from Lord Brentford which was of more importance to him than any card could have been. At this time, bit by bit, the Reform Bill of the day had nearly made its way through the committee, but had been so mutilated as to be almost impossible of recognition by its progenitors. And there was still a clause or two as to the rearrange-

ment of seats, respecting which it was known that there would be a combat,—probably combats,—carried on after the internecine fashion. There was a certain clipping of counties to be done, as to which it was said that Mr. Daubeney had declared that he would not yield till he was made to do so by the brute force of majorities;—and there was another clause for the drafting of certain superfluous members from little boroughs, and bestowing them on populous towns at which they were much wanted, respecting which Mr. Turnbull had proclaimed that the clause as it now stood was a *fainéant* clause, capable of doing, and intended to do, no good in the proper direction; a clause put into the bill to gull ignorant folk who had not eyes enough to recognise the fact that it was *fainéant*; a make-believe clause,—so said Mr. Turnbull,—to be detested on that account by every true reformer worse than the old Philistine bonds and Tory figments of representation, as to which there was at least no hypocritical pretence of popular fitness. Mr. Turnbull had been very loud and very angry,—had talked much of demonstrations among the people, and had almost threatened the House. The House in its present mood did not fear any demonstrations,—but it did fear that Mr. Turnbull might help Mr. Daubeney, and that Mr. Daubeney might help Mr. Turnbull. It was now May,—the middle of May,—and ministers, who had been at work on their Reform Bill ever since the beginning of the session, were becoming weary of it. And then, should these odious clauses escape the threatened Turnbull-Daubeney alliance,—then there was the House of Lords! “What a pity we can’t pass our bills at the Treasury, and have done with them!” said Laurence Fitzgibbon. “Yes, indeed,” replied Mr. Ratler. “For myself, I was never so tired of a session in my life. I wouldn’t go through it again to be made,—no, not to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer.”

Lord Brentford’s note to Phineas Finn was as follows:—

“House of Lords, 16th May, 183—.

“MY DEAR MR. FINN,

“You are no doubt aware that Lord Bosanquet’s death has taken Mr. Mottram into the Upper House, and that as he was Under Secretary for the Colonies, and as the Under Secretary must be in the Lower House, the vacancy must be filled up.” The heart of Phineas Finn at this moment was almost in his mouth. Not only to be selected for political employment, but to be selected at once for an office so singularly desirable! Under Secretaries, he fancied, were paid two thousand a year. What would Mr. Low say now? But his great triumph soon received a check. “Mr. Mildmay has spoken to me on the subject,” continued the letter, “and informs me that he has offered the place at the colonies to his old supporter, Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon.” Laurence Fitzgibbon! “I am inclined to think that he could not have done better, as Mr. Fitzgibbon has

shown great zeal for his party. This will vacate the Irish seat at the Treasury Board, and I am commissioned by Mr. Mildmay to offer it to you. Perhaps you will do me the pleasure of calling on me to-morrow between the hours of eleven and twelve.

"Yours very sincerely,

"BRENTFORD."

Phineas was himself surprised to find that his first feeling on reading this letter was one of dissatisfaction. Here were his golden hopes about to be realised,—hopes as to the realisation of which he had been quite despondent twelve months ago,—and yet he was uncomfortable because he was to be postponed to Laurence Fitzgibbon. Had the new Under Secretary been a man whom he had not known, whom he had not learned to look down upon as inferior to himself, he would not have minded it,—would have been full of joy at the promotion proposed for himself. But Laurence Fitzgibbon was such a poor creature, that the idea of filling a place from which Laurence had risen was distasteful to him. "It seems to be all a matter of favour and convenience," he said to himself, "without any reference to the service." His triumph would have been so complete had Mr. Mildmay allowed him to go into the higher place at one leap. Other men who had made themselves useful had done so. In the first hour after receiving Lord Brentford's letter, the idea of becoming a Lord of the Treasury was almost displeasing to him. He had an idea that junior lordships of the Treasury were generally bestowed on young members whom it was convenient to secure, but who were not good at doing anything. There was a moment in which he thought that he would refuse to be made a junior lord.

But during the night cooler reflections told him that he had been very wrong. He had taken up politics with the express desire of getting his foot upon a rung of the ladder of promotion, and now, in his third session, he was about to be successful. Even as a junior lord he would have a thousand a year; and how long might he have sat in chambers, and have wandered about Lincoln's Inn, and have loitered in the courts striving to look as though he had business, before he would have earned a thousand a year! Even as a junior lord he could make himself useful, and when once he should be known to be a good working man, promotion would come to him. No ladder can be mounted without labour; but this ladder was now open above his head, and he already had his foot upon it.

At half-past eleven he was with Lord Brentford, who received him with the blandest smile and a pressure of the hand which was quite cordial. "My dear Finn," he said, "this gives me the most sincere pleasure,—the greatest pleasure in the world. Our connection together at Loughton of course makes it doubly agreeable to me."

"I cannot be too grateful to you, Lord Brentford."

"No, no; no, no. It is all your own doing. When Mr. Mildmay asked me whether I did not think you the most promising of the young members on our side in your House, I certainly did say that I quite concurred. But I should be taking too much on myself, I should be acting dishonestly, if I were to allow you to imagine that it was my proposition. Had he asked me to recommend, I should have named you; that I say frankly. But he did not. He did not. Mr. Mildmay named you himself. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that your friend Finn would join us at the Treasury?' I told him that I did think so. 'And do you not think,' said he, 'that it would be a useful appointment?' Then I ventured to say that I had no doubt whatever on that point;—that I knew you well enough to feel confident that you would lend a strength to the Liberal Government. Then there were a few words said about your seat, and I was commissioned to write to you. That was all."

Phineas was grateful, but not too grateful, and bore himself very well in the interview. He explained to Lord Brentford that of course it was his object to serve the country,—and to be paid for his services,—and that he considered himself to be very fortunate to be selected so early in his career for parliamentary place. He would endeavour to do his duty, and could safely say of himself that he did not wish to eat the bread of idleness. As he made this assertion, he thought of Laurence Fitzgibbon. Laurence Fitzgibbon had eaten the bread of idleness, and yet he was promoted. But Phineas said nothing to Lord Brentford about his idle friend. When he had made his little speech he asked a question about the borough.

"I have already ventured to write a letter to my agent at Loughton, telling him that you have accepted office, and that you will be shortly there again. He will see Shortribs and arrange it. But if I were you I should write to Shortribs and to Grating,—after I had seen Mr. Mildmay. Of course you will not mention my name." And the Earl looked very grave as he uttered this caution.

"Of course I will not," said Phineas.

"I do not think you'll find any difficulty about the seat," said the peer. "There never has been any difficulty at Loughton yet. I must say that for them. And if we can scrape through with Clause 72 we shall be all right;—shall we not?" This was the clause as to which so violent an opposition was expected from Mr. Turnbull,—a clause as to which Phineas himself had felt that he would hardly know how to support the Government, in the event of the committee being pressed to a division upon it. Could he, an ardent reformer, a reformer at heart,—could he say that such a borough as Loughton should be spared;—that the arrangement by which Shortribs and Grating had sent him to Parliament, in obedience to Lord Brentford's orders, was in due accord with the theory of a representative legislature? In what respect had Gatton and old Sarum been worse than

Loughton? Was he not himself false to his principle in sitting for such a borough as Loughton? He had spoken to Mr. Monk, and Mr. Monk had told him that Rome was not built in a day, —and had told him also that good things were most valued and were most valuable when they came by instalments. But then Mr. Monk himself enjoyed the satisfaction of sitting for a popular constituency. He was not personally pricked in the conscience by his own parliamentary position. Now, however,—now that Phineas had consented to join the Government, any such considerations as these must be laid aside. He could no longer be a free agent, or even a free thinker. He had been quite aware of this, and had taught himself to understand that members of Parliament in the direct service of the Government were absolved from the necessity of free-thinking. Individual free-thinking was incompatible with the position of a member of the Government, and unless such abnegation were practised, no government would be possible. It was of course a man's duty to bind himself together with no other men but those with whom, on matters of general policy, he could agree heartily;—but having found that he could so agree, he knew that it would be his duty as a subaltern to vote as he was directed. It would trouble his conscience less to sit for Loughton and vote for an objectionable clause as a member of the Government, than it would have done to give such a vote as an independent member. In so resolving, he thought that he was simply acting in accordance with the acknowledged rules of parliamentary government. And therefore, when Lord Brentford spoke of Clause 72, he could answer pleasantly, "I think we shall carry it; and, you see, in getting it through committee, if we can carry it by one, that is as good as a hundred. That's the comfort of close-fighting in committee. In the open House we are almost as much beaten by a narrow majority as by a vote against us."

"Just so; just so," said Lord Brentford, delighted to see that his young pupil,—as he regarded him,—understood so well the system of parliamentary management. "By-the-bye, Finn, have you seen Chiltern lately?"

"Not quite lately," said Phineas, blushing up to his eyes.

"Or heard from him?"

"No;—nor heard from him. When last I heard of him he was in Brussels."

"Ah,—yes; he is somewhere on the Rhine now. I thought that as you were so intimate, perhaps you corresponded with him. Have you heard that we have arranged about Lady Laura's money?"

"I have heard. Lady Laura has told me."

"I wish he would return," said Lord Brentford sadly,—almost solemnly. "As that great difficulty is over, I would receive him willingly, and make my house pleasant to him, if I can do so. I am most anxious that he should settle, and marry. Could you not write

to him?" Phineas, not daring to tell Lord Brentford that he had quarrelled with Lord Chiltern,—feeling that if he did so everything would go wrong,—said that he would write to Lord Chiltern.

As he went away he felt that he was bound to get an answer from Violet Effingham. If it should be necessary, he was willing to break with Lord Brentford on that matter,—even though such breaking should lose him his borough and his place;—but not on any other matter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PHINEAS AND HIS FRIENDS.

OUR hero's friends were, I think, almost more elated by our hero's promotion than was our hero himself. He never told himself that it was a great thing to be a junior lord of the Treasury, though he acknowledged to himself that to have made a successful beginning was a very great thing. But his friends were loud in their congratulations,—or condolences as the case might be.

He had his interview with Mr. Mildmay, and, after that, one of his first steps was to inform Mrs. Bunce that he must change his lodgings. "The truth is, Mrs. Bunce, not that I want anything better; but that a better position will be advantageous to me, and that I can afford to pay for it." Mrs. Bunce acknowledged the truth of the argument, with her apron up to her eyes. "I've got to be so fond of looking after you, Mr. Finn! I have indeed," said Mrs. Bunce. "It is not just what you pays like, because another party will pay as much. But we've got so used to you, Mr. Finn,—haven't we?" Mrs. Bunce was probably not aware herself that the comeliness of her lodger had pleased her feminine eye, and touched her feminine heart. Had anybody said that Mrs. Bunce was in love with Phineas, the scandal would have been monstrous. And yet it was so,—after a fashion. And Bunce knew it,—after his fashion. "Don't be such an old fool," he said, "crying after him because he's six foot high." "I ain't crying after him because he's six foot high," whined the poor woman;—"but one does like old faces better than new, and a gentleman about one's place is pleasant." "Gentleman be d—d," said Bunce. But his anger was excited, not by his wife's love for Phineas, but by the use of an objectionable word.

Bunce himself had been on very friendly terms with Phineas, and they two had had many discussions on matters of politics, Bunce taking up the cudgels always for Mr. Turnbull, and generally slipping away gradually into some account of his own martyrdom. For he had been a martyr, having failed in obtaining any redress against the policeman who had imprisoned him so wrongfully. The People's Banner had fought for him manfully, and therefore there was a little disagreement between him and Phineas on the subject of that great

organ of public opinion. And as Mr. Bunce thought that his lodger was very wrong to sit for Lord Brentford's borough, subjects were sometimes touched which were a little galling to Phineas.

Touching this promotion, Bunce had nothing but condolence to offer to the new junior lord. "Oh yes," said he, in answer to an argument from Phineas, "I suppose there must be lords, as you call 'em; though for the matter of that I can't see as they is of any mortal use."

"Wouldn't you have the Government carried on?"

"Government! Well; I suppose there must be government. But the less of it the better. I'm not against government;—nor yet against laws, Mr. Finn; though the less of them, too, the better. But what does these lords do in the Government? Lords indeed! I'll tell you what they do, Mr. Finn. They wotes; that's what they do! They wotes hard; black or white, white or black. Ain't that true? When you're a 'lord,' will you be able to wote against Mr. Mildmay to save your very soul?"

"If it comes to be a question of soul-saving, Mr. Bunce, I shan't save my place at the expense of my conscience."

"Not if you knows it, you mean. But the worst of it is that a man gets so thick into the mud that he don't know whether he's dirty or clean. You'll have to wote as you're told, and of course you'll think it's right enough. Ain't you been among Parliament gents long enough to know that that's the way it goes?"

"You think no honest man can be a member of the Government?"

"I don't say that, but I think honesty's a deal easier away from 'em. The fact is, Mr. Finn, it's all wrong with us yet, and will be till we gets it nigher to the great American model. If a poor man gets into Parliament,—you'll excuse me, Mr. Finn, but I calls you a poor man."

"Certainly,—as a member of Parliament I am a very poor man."

"Just so,—and therefore what do you do? You goes and lays yourself out for government! I'm not saying as how you're anyways wrong. A man has to live. You has winning ways, and a good physognomy of your own, and are as big as a life-guardsmen." Phineas as he heard this doubtful praise laughed and blushed. "Very well; you makes your way with the big wigs, lords and earls and them like, and you gets returned for a rotten borough;—you'll excuse me, but that's about it, ain't it?—and then you goes in for government! A man may have a mission to govern, such as Washington and Cromwell and the like o' them. But when I hears of Mr. Fitzgibbon a-governing, why then I says,—d—n it all."

"There must be good and bad you know."

"We've got to change a deal yet, Mr. Finn, and we'll do it. When a young man as has liberal feelings gets into Parliament, he shouldn't be snapped up and brought into the governing business just

because he's poor and wants a salary. They don't do it that way in the States; and they won't do it that way here long. It's the system as I hates, and not you, Mr. Finn. Well, good-bye, sir. I hope you'll like the governing business, and find it suits your health."

These condolences from Mr. Bunce were not pleasant, but they set him thinking. He felt assured that Bunce and Quintus Slide and Mr. Turnbull were wrong. Bunce was ignorant. Quintus Slide was dishonest. Turnbull was greedy of popularity. For himself, he thought that as a young man he was fairly well informed. He knew that he meant to be true in his vocation. And he was quite sure that the object nearest to his heart in politics was not self-aggrandisement, but the welfare of the people in general. And yet he could not but agree with Bunce that there was something wrong. When such men as Laurence Fitzgibbon were called upon to act as governors, was it not to be expected that the ignorant but still intelligent Bunces of the population should—"d—n it all?"

On the evening of that day he went up to Mrs. Low's, very sure that he should receive some encouragement from her and from her husband. She had been angry with him because he had put himself into a position in which money must be spent and none could be made. The Lows, and especially Mrs. Low, had refused to believe that any success was within his reach. Now that he had succeeded, now that he was in receipt of a salary on which he could live and save money, he would be sure of sympathy from his old friends the Lows!

But Mrs. Low was as severe upon him as Mr. Bunce had been, and even from Mr. Low he could extract no real comfort. "Of course I congratulate you," said Mr. Low coldly.

"And you, Mrs. Low?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Finn, I think you have begun at the wrong end. I thought so before, and I think so still. I suppose I ought not to say so to a lord of the Treasury, but if you ask me, what can I do?"

"Speak the truth out, of course."

"Exactly. That's what I must do. Well, the truth is, Mr. Finn, that I do not think it is a very good opening for a young man to be made what they call a Lord of the Treasury,—unless he has got a private fortune, you know, to support that kind of life."

"You see, Phineas, a ministry is such an uncertain thing," said Mr. Low.

"Of course it's uncertain;—but as I did go into the House, it's something to have succeeded."

"If you call that success," said Mrs. Low.

"You did intend to go on with your profession," said Mr. Low. He could not tell them that he had changed his mind, and that he meant to marry Violet Effingham, who would much prefer a parlia-

mentary life for her husband to that of a working barrister. "I suppose that is all given up now," continued Mr. Low.

"Just for the present," said Phineas.

"Yes;—and for ever I fear," said Mrs. Low. "You'll never go back to real work after frittering away your time as a Lord of the Treasury. What sort of work must it be when just anybody can do it that it suits them to lay hold of? But of course a thousand a year is something, though a man may have it for only six months."

It came out in the course of the evening that Mr. Low was going to stand for the borough vacated by Mr. Mottram, at which it was considered that the Conservatives might possibly prevail. "You see, after all, Phineas," said Mr. Low, "that I am following your steps."

"Ah; you are going into the House in the course of your profession."

"Just so," said Mrs. Low.

"And are taking the first step towards being a Tory Attorney-General."

"That's as may be," said Mr. Low. "But it's the kind of thing a man does after twenty years of hard work. For myself, I really don't much care whether I succeed or fail. I should like to live to be a Vice-Chancellor. I don't mind saying as much as that to you. But I'm not at all sure that Parliament is the best way to the Equity Bench."

"But it is a grand thing to get into Parliament when you do it by means of your profession," said Mrs. Low.

Soon after that Phineas took his departure from the house, feeling sore and unhappy. But on the next morning he was received in Grosvenor Place with an amount of triumph which went far to compensate him. Lady Laura had written to him to call there, and on his arrival he found both Violet Effingham and Madame Max Goesler with his friend. When Phineas entered the room his first feeling was one of intense joy at seeing that Violet Effingham was present there. Then there was one of surprise that Madame Max Goesler should make one of the little party. Lady Laura had told him at Mr. Palliser's dinner-party that they, in Portman Square, had not as yet advanced far enough to receive Madame Max Goesler,—and yet here was the lady in Mr. Kennedy's drawing-room. Now Phineas would have thought it more likely that he should find her in Portman Square than in Grosvenor Place. The truth was that Madame Goesler had been brought by Miss Effingham,—with the consent, indeed, of Lady Laura, but with a consent given with much of hesitation. "What are you afraid of?" Violet had asked. "I am afraid of nothing," Lady Laura had answered; "but one has to choose one's acquaintance in accordance with rules which one doesn't lay down very strictly." "She is a clever woman," said Violet, "and everybody likes her; but if you think Mr. Kennedy would object, of course you are right." Then

Lady Laura had consented, telling herself that it was not necessary that she should ask her husband's approval as to every new acquaintance she might form. At the same time Violet had been told that Phineas would be there, and so the party had been made up.

"See the conquering hero comes," said Violet, in her cheeriest voice.

"I am so glad that Mr. Finn has been made a lord of something," said Madame Max Goesler. "I had the pleasure of a long political discussion with him the other night, and I quite approve of him."

"We are so much gratified, Mr. Finn," said Lady Laura. "Mr. Kennedy says that it is the best appointment they could have made, and papa is quite proud about it."

"You are Lord Brentford's member; are you not?" asked Madame Max Goesler. This was a question which Phineas did not quite like, and which he was obliged to excuse by remembering that the questioner had lived so long out of England as to be probably ignorant of the myths, and theories, and system, and working of the British Constitution. Violet Effingham, little as she knew of politics, would never have asked a question so imprudent.

But the question was turned off, and Phineas, with an easy grace, submitted himself to be petted, and congratulated, and purred over, and almost caressed by the three ladies. Their good-natured enthusiasm was at any rate better than the satire of Bunce, or the wisdom of Mrs. Low. Lady Laura had no misgivings as to Phineas being fit for governing, and Violet Effingham said nothing as to the short-lived tenure of ministers. Madame Max Goesler, though she had asked an indiscreet question, thoroughly appreciated the advantage of Government pay, and the prestige of Government power. "You are a lord now," she said, speaking, as was customary with her, with the slightest possible foreign accent, "and you will be a president soon, and then perhaps a secretary. The order of promotion seems odd, but I am told it is very pleasant."

"It is pleasant to succeed, of course," said Phineas, "let the success be ever so little."

"We knew you would succeed," said Lady Laura. "We were quite sure of it. Were we not, Violet?"

"You always said so, my dear. For myself I do not venture to have an opinion on such matters. Will you always have to go to that big building in the corner, Mr. Finn, and stay there from ten till four? Won't that be a bore?"

"We have a half-holiday on Saturday, you know," said Phineas.

"And do the Lords of the Treasury have to take care of the money?" asked Madame Max Goesler.

"Only their own; and they generally fail in doing that," said Phineas.

He sat there for a considerable time, wondering whether Mr.

Kennedy would come in, and wondering also as to what Mr. Kennedy would say to Madame Max Goesler when he did come in. He knew that it was useless for him to expect any opportunity, then or there, of being alone for a moment with Violet Effingham. His only chance in that direction would be in some crowded room, at some ball at which he might ask her to dance with him; but it seemed that fate was very unkind to him, and that no such chance came in his way. Mr. Kennedy did not appear, and Madame Max Goesler with Violet went away, leaving Phineas still sitting with Lady Laura. Each of them said a kind word to him as they went. "I don't know whether I may dare to expect that a Lord of the Treasury will come and see me?" said Madame Max Goesler. Then Phineas made a second promise that he would call in Park Lane. Violet blushed as she remembered that she could not ask him to call at Lady Baldock's. "Good-bye, Mr. Finn," she said, giving him her hand. "I'm so very glad that they have chosen you; and I do hope that, as Madame Max says, they'll make you a secretary and a president, and everything else very quickly,—till it will come to your turn to be making other people." "He is very nice," said Madame Goesler to Violet as she took her place in the carriage. "He bears being petted and spoilt without being either awkward or conceited." "On the whole, he is rather nice," said Violet; "only he has not got a shilling in the world, and has to make himself before he will be anybody." "He must marry money, of course," said Madame Max Goesler.

"I hope you are contented?" said Lady Laura, rising from her chair and coming opposite to him as soon as they were alone.

"Of course I am contented."

"I was not,—when I first heard of it. Why did they promote that empty-headed countryman of yours to a place for which he was quite unfit? I was not contented. But then I am more ambitious for you than you are for yourself." He sat without answering her for a while, and she stood waiting for his reply. "Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"I do not know what to say. When I think of it all, I am lost in amazement. You tell me that you are not contented;—that you are ambitious for me. Why is it that you should feel any interest in the matter?"

"Is it not reasonable that we should be interested for our friends?"

"But when you and I last parted here in this room you were hardly my friend."

"Was I not? You wrong me there;—very deeply."

"I told you what was my ambition, and you resented it," said Phineas.

"I think I said that I could not help you, and I think I said also that I thought you would fail. I do not know that I showed much resentment. You see, I told her that you were here, that she might

come and meet you. You know that I wished my brother should succeed. I wished it before I ever knew you. You cannot expect that I should change my wishes."

"But if he cannot succeed," pleaded Phineas.

"Who is to say that? Has a woman never been won by devotion and perseverance? Besides, how can I wish to see you go on with a suit which must sever you from my father, and injure your political prospects;—perhaps fatally injure them? It seems to me now that my father is almost the only man in London who has not heard of this duel."

"Of course he will hear of it. I have half made up my mind to tell him myself."

"Do not do that, Mr. Finn. There can be no reason for it. But I did not ask you to come here to-day to talk to you about Oswald or Violet. I have given you my advice about that, and I can do no more."

"Lady Laura, I cannot take it. It is out of my power to take it."

"Very well. The matter shall be what you members of Parliament call an open question between us. When papa asked you to accept this place at the Treasury, did it ever occur to you to refuse it?"

"It did;—for half an hour or so."

"I hoped you would,—and yet I knew that I was wrong. I thought that you should count yourself to be worth more than that, and that you should, as it were, assert yourself. But then it is so difficult to draw the line between proper self-assertion and proper self-denial;—to know how high to go up the table, and how low to go down. I do not doubt that you have been right,—only make them understand that you are not as other junior lords;—that you have been willing to be a junior lord, or anything else for a purpose; but that the purpose is something higher than that of fetching and carrying in Parliament for Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Palliser."

"I hope in time to get beyond fetching and carrying," said Phineas.

"Of course you will; and knowing that, I am glad that you are in office. I suppose there will be no difficulty about Loughton."

Then Phineas laughed. "I hear," said he, "that Mr. Quintus Slide, of the People's Banner, has already gone down to canvass the electors."

"Mr. Quintus Slide! To canvass the electors of Loughton!" and Lady Laura drew herself up and spoke of this unseemly intrusion on her father's borough, as though the vulgar man who had been named had forced his way into the very drawing-room in Portman Square. At that moment Mr. Kennedy came in. "Do you hear what Mr. Finn tells me?" she said. "He has heard that Mr. Quintus Slide has gone down to Loughton to stand against him."

"And why not?" said Mr. Kennedy.

"My dear!" ejaculated Lady Laura.

"Mr. Quintus Slide will no doubt lose his time and his money;—

but he will gain the prestige of having stood for a borough, which will be something for him on the staff of the People's Banner," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He will get that horrid man Vellum to propose him," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy. "And the less any of us say about it the better. Finn, my dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily. Nothing for a long time has given me greater pleasure than hearing of your appointment. It is equally honourable to yourself and to Mr. Mildmay. It is a great step to have gained so early."

Phineas, as he thanked his friend, could not help asking himself what his friend had done to be made a Cabinet Minister. Little as he, Phineas, himself had done in the House in his two sessions and a half, Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more in his fifteen or twenty. But then Mr. Kennedy was possessed of almost miraculous wealth, and owned half a county, whereas he, Phineas, owned almost nothing at all. Of course no Prime Minister would offer a junior lordship at the Treasury to a man with £80,000 a year. Soon after this Phineas took his leave. "I think he will do well," said Mr. Kennedy to his wife.

"I am sure he will do well," replied Lady Laura, almost scornfully.

"He is not quite such a black swan with me as he is with you; but still I think he will succeed, if he takes care of himself. It is astonishing how that absurd story of his duel with Chiltern has got about."

"It is impossible to prevent people talking," said Lady Laura.

"I suppose there was some quarrel, though neither of them will tell you. They say it was about Miss Effingham. I should hardly think that Finn could have any hopes in that direction."

"Why should he not have hopes?"

"Because he has neither position, nor money, nor birth," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He is a gentleman," said Lady Laura; "and I think he has position. I do not see why he should not ask any girl to marry him."

"There is no understanding you, Laura," said Mr. Kennedy angrily. "I thought you had quite other hopes about Miss Effingham."

"So I have; but that has nothing to do with it. You spoke of Mr. Finn as though he would be guilty of some crime were he to ask Violet Effingham to be his wife. In that I disagree with you. Mr. Finn is——"

"You will make me sick of the name of Mr. Finn."

"I am sorry that I offend you by my gratitude to a man who saved your life." Mr. Kennedy shook his head. He knew that the argument used against him was false, but he did not know how to

show that he knew that it was false. "Perhaps I had better not mention his name any more," continued Lady Laura.

"Nonsense!"

"I quite agree with you that it is nonsense, Robert."

"All I mean to say is, that if you go on as you do, you will turn his head and spoil him. Do you think I do not know what is going on among you?"

"What is going on among us,—as you call it?"

"You are taking this young man up and putting him on a pedestal and worshipping him, just because he is well-looking, and rather clever and decently behaved. It's always the way with women who have nothing to do, and who cannot be made to understand that they should have duties. They cannot live without some kind of idolatry."

"Have I neglected my duty to you, Robert?"

"Yes,—you know you have ;—in going to those receptions at your father's house on Sundays."

"What has that to do with Mr. Finn?"

"Paha!"

"I begin to think I had better tell Mr. Finn not to come here any more, since his presence is disagreeable to you. All the world knows how great is the service he did you, and it will seem to be very ridiculous. People will say all manner of things; but anything will be better than that you should go on as you have done,—accusing your wife of idolatry towards—a young man, because—he is—well-looking."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"You did, Robert."

"I did not. I did not speak more of you than of a lot of others."

"You accused me personally, saying that because of my idolatry I had neglected my duty; but really you made such a jumble of it all, with papa's visitors, and Sunday afternoons, that I cannot follow what was in your mind."

Then Mr. Kennedy stood for a while, collecting his thoughts, so that he might unravel the jumble, if that were possible to him; but finding that it was not possible, he left the room, and closed the door behind him.

Then Lady Laura was left alone to consider the nature of the accusation which her husband had brought against her; or the nature rather of the accusation which she had chosen to assert that her husband had implied. For in her heart she knew that he had made no such accusation, and had intended to make none such. The idolatry of which he had spoken was the idolatry which a woman might show to her cat, her dog, her picture, her china, her furniture, her carriage and horses, or her pet maid-servant. Such was the idolatry of which Mr. Kennedy had spoken;—but was there no other

worship in her heart, worse, more pernicious than that, in reference to this young man?

She had schooled herself about him very severely, and had come to various resolutions. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did not, and could not, love her husband. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did love, and could not help loving, Phineas Finn. Then she had resolved to banish him from her presence, and had gone the length of telling him so. After that she had perceived that she had been wrong, and had determined to meet him as she met other men,—and to conquer her love. Then, when this could not be done, when something almost like idolatry grew upon her, she determined that it should be the idolatry of friendship, that she would not sin even in thought, that there should be nothing in her heart of which she need be ashamed;—but that the one great object and purport of her life should be the promotion of this friend's welfare. She had just begun to love after this fashion, had taught herself to believe that she might combine something of the pleasure of idolatry towards her friend with a full complement of duty towards her husband, when Phineas came to her with his tale of love for Violet Effingham. The lesson which she got then was a very rough one,—so hard that at first she could not bear it. Her anger at his love for her brother's wished-for bride was lost in her dismay that Phineas should love any one after having once loved her. But by sheer force of mind she had conquered that dismay, that feeling of desolation at her heart, and had almost taught herself to hope that Phineas might succeed with Violet. He wished it,—and why should he not have what he wished,—he, whom she so fondly idolised? It was not his fault that he and she were not man and wife. She had chosen to arrange it otherwise, and was she not bound to assist him now in the present object of his reasonable wishes? She had got over in her heart that difficulty about her brother, but she could not quite conquer the other difficulty. She could not bring herself to plead his cause with Violet. She had not brought herself as yet to do it.

And now she was accused of idolatry for Phineas by her husband,—she with “a lot of others,” in which lot Violet was of course included. Would it not be better that they two should be brought together? Would not her friend's husband still be her friend? Would she not then forget to love him? Would she not then be safer than she was now?

As she sat alone struggling with her difficulties, she had not as yet forgotten to love him,—nor was she as yet safe.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS EFFINGHAM'S FOUR LOVERS.

ONE morning early in June Lady Laura called at Lady Baldock's house and asked for Miss Effingham. The servant was showing her into the large drawing-room, when she again asked specially for Miss Effingham. "I think Miss Effingham is there," said the man, opening the room. Miss Effingham was not there. Lady Baldock was sitting all alone, and Lady Laura perceived that she had been caught in the net which she specially wished to avoid. Now Lady Baldock had not actually or openly quarrelled with Lady Laura Kennedy or with Lord Brentford, but she had conceived a strong idea that her niece Violet was countenanced in all improprieties by the Standish family generally, and that therefore the Standish family was to be regarded as a family of enemies. There was doubtless in her mind considerable confusion on the subject, for she did not know whether Lord Chiltern or Mr. Finn was the suitor which she most feared,—and she was aware, after a sort of muddled fashion, that the claims of these two wicked young men were antagonistic to each other. But they were both regarded by her as emanations from the same source of iniquity, and therefore, without going deeply into the machinations of Lady Laura,—without resolving whether Lady Laura was injuring her by pressing her brother as a suitor upon Miss Effingham, or by pressing a rival of her brother,—still she became aware that it was her duty to turn a cold shoulder on those two houses in Portman Square and Grosvenor Place. But her difficulties in doing this were very great, and it may be said that Lady Baldock was placed in an unjust and cruel position. Before the end of May she had proposed to leave London, and to take her daughter and Violet down to Baddingham,—or to Brighton if they preferred it, or to Switzerland. "Brighton in June!" Violet had exclaimed. "Would not a month among the glaciers be delightful?" Miss Boreham had said. "Don't let me keep you in town, aunt," Violet replied; "but I do not think I shall go till other people go. I can have a room at Laura Kennedy's house." Then Lady Baldock, whose position was hard and cruel, resolved that she would stay in town. Here she had in her hands a ward over whom she had no positive power, and yet in respect to whom her duty was imperative! Her duty was imperative, and Lady Baldock was not the woman to neglect her duty;—and yet she knew that the doing of her duty would all be in vain. Violet would marry a shoe-black out of the streets if she were so minded. It was of no use that the poor lady had provided herself with two strings, two most excellent strings, to her bow,—two strings either one of which should have contented Miss Effingham. There was Lord Fawn, a young peer, not very rich indeed,—but still with means sufficient for a wife, a rising man, and in every way respectable, although a Whig. And there was Mr.

Appledom, one of the richest commoners in England, a fine Conservative too, with a seat in the House, and everything appropriate. He was fifty, but looked hardly more than thirty-five, and was,—so at least Lady Baldock frequently asserted,—violently in love with Violet Effingham. Why had not the law, or the executors, or the Lord Chancellor, or some power levied for the protection of the properties, made Violet absolutely subject to her guardian till she should be made subject to a husband?

"Yes, I think she is at home," said Lady Baldock, in answer to Lady Laura's inquiry for Violet. "At least, I hardly know. She seldom tells me what she means to do,—and sometimes she will walk out quite alone!" A most imprudent old woman was Lady Baldock, always opening her hand to her adversaries, unable to control herself in the scolding of people, either before their faces or behind their backs, even at moments in which such scolding was most injurious to her own cause. "However, we will see," she continued. Then the bell was rung, and in a few minutes Violet was in the room. In a few minutes more they were up-stairs together in Violet's own room, in spite of the openly-displayed wrath of Lady Baldock. "I almost wish she had never been born," said Lady Baldock to her daughter. "Oh, mamma, don't say that." "I certainly do wish that I had never seen her." "Indeed she has been a grievous trouble to you, mamma," said Miss Boreham, sympathetically.

"Brighton! What nonsense!" said Lady Laura.

"Of course it's nonsense. Fancy going to Brighton! And then they have proposed Switzerland. If you could only hear Augusta talking in rapture of a month among the glaciers! And I feel so ungrateful. I believe they would spend three months with me at any horrible place that I could suggest,—at Hong Kong if I were to ask it,—so intent are they on taking me away from metropolitan danger."

"But you will not go?"

"No!—I won't go. I know I am very naughty; but I can't help feeling that I cannot be good without being a fool at the same time. I must either fight my aunt, or give way to her. If I were to yield, what a life I should have;—and I should despise myself after all."

"And what is the special danger to be feared now?"

"I don't know;—you, I fancy. I told her that if she went, I should go to you. I knew that would make her stay."

"I wish you would come to me," said Lady Laura.

"I shouldn't think of it really,—not for any length of time."

"Why not?"

"Because I should be in Mr. Kennedy's way."

"You wouldn't be in his way in the least. If you would only be down punctually for morning prayers, and go to church with him on Sunday afternoon, he would be delighted to have you."

"What did he say about Madame Max coming?"

"Not a word. I don't think he quite knew who she was then. I fancy he has inquired since, by something he said yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing that matters;—only a word. I haven't come here to talk about Madame Max Goesler,—nor yet about Mr. Kennedy."

"Whom have you come to talk about?" asked Violet, laughing a little, with something of increased colour in her cheeks, though she could not be said to blush.

"A lover of course," said Lady Laura.

"I wish you would leave me alone with my lovers. You are as bad or worse than my aunt. She, at any rate, varies her prescription. She has become sick of poor Lord Fawn because he's a Whig."

"And who is her favourite now?"

"Old Mr. Appledom,—who is really a most unexceptionable old party, and whom I like of all things. I really think I could consent to be Mrs. Appledom, to get rid of my troubles,—if he did not dye his whiskers and have his coats padded."

"He'd give up those little things if you asked him."

"I shouldn't have the heart to do it. Besides, this isn't his time of the year for making proposals. His love fever, which is of a very low kind, and intermits annually, never comes on till the autumn. It is a rural malady, against which he is proof while among his clubs!"

"Well, Violet,—I am like your aunt."

"Like Lady Baldock?"

"In one respect. I, too, will vary my prescription."

"What do you mean, Laura?"

"Just this,—that if you like to marry Phineas Finn, I will say, that you are right."

"Heaven and earth! And why am I to marry Phineas Finn?"

"Only for two reasons; because he loves you, and because——"

"No,—I deny it. I do not."

"I had come to fancy that you did."

"Keep your fancy more under control then. But upon my word I can't understand this. He was your great friend."

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Lady Laura.

"And you have thrown over your brother, Laura?"

"You have thrown him over. Is he to go on for ever asking and being refused?"

"I do not know why he should not," said Violet, "seeing how very little trouble it gives him. Half an hour once in six months does it all for him, allowing him time for coming and going in a cab."

"Violet, I do not understand you. Have you refused Oswald so often because he does not pass hours on his knees before you?"

"No, indeed! His nature would be altered very much for the worse before he could do that."

"Why do you throw it in his teeth then that he does not give you more of his time?"

"Why have you come to tell me to marry Mr. Phineas Finn? That is what I want to know. Mr. Phineas Finn, as far as I am aware, has not a shilling in the world,—except a month's salary now due to him from the Government. Mr. Phineas Finn I believe to be the son of a country doctor in Ireland,—with about seven sisters. Mr. Phineas Finn is a Roman Catholic. Mr. Phineas Finn is,—or was a short time ago,—in love with another lady; and Mr. Phineas Finn is not so much in love at this moment but what he is able to intrust his cause to an ambassador. None short of a royal suitor should ever do that with success."

"Has he never pleaded his cause to you yourself?"

"My dear, I never tell gentlemen's secrets. It seems that if he has, his success was so trifling that he has thought he had better trust some one else for the future."

"He has not trusted me. He has not given me any commission."

"Then why have you come?"

"Because,—I hardly know how to tell his story. There have been things about Oswald which made it almost necessary that Mr. Finn should explain himself to me."

"I know it all;—about their fighting. Foolish young men! I am not a bit obliged to either of them,—not a bit. Only fancy, if my aunt knew it, what a life she would lead me! Gustavus knows all about it, and I feel that I am living at his mercy. Why were they so wrong-headed?"

"I cannot answer that,—though I know them well enough to be sure that Chiltern was the one in fault."

"It is so odd that you should have thrown your brother over."

"I have not thrown my brother over. Will you accept Oswald if he asks you again?"

"No," almost shouted Violet.

"Then I hope that Mr. Finn may succeed. I want him to succeed in everything. There;—you may know it all. He is my Phœbus Apollo."

"That is flattering to me,—looking at the position in which you desire to place your Phœbus at the present moment."

"Come, Violet, I am true to you, and let me have a little truth from you. This man loves you, and I think is worthy of you. He does not love me, but he is my friend. As his friend, and believing in his worth, I wish for his success beyond almost anything else in the world. Listen to me, Violet. I don't believe in those reasons which you gave me just now for not becoming this man's wife."

"Nor do I."

"I know you do not. Look at me. I, who have less of real heart than you, I who thought that I could trust myself to satisfy my mind and my ambition without caring for my heart, I have

married for what you call position. My husband is very rich, and a Cabinet Minister, and will probably be a peer. And he was willing to marry me at a time when I had not a shilling of my own."

"He was very generous."

"He has asked for it since," said Lady Laura. "But never mind. I have not come to talk about myself;—otherwise than to bid you not do what I have done. All that you have said about this man's want of money and of family is nothing."

"Nothing at all," said Violet. "Mere words,—fit only for such people as my aunt."

"Well then?"

"Well?"

"If you love him——!"

"Ah! but if I do not? You are very close in inquiring into my secrets. Tell me, Laura;—was not this young Crichton once a lover of your own?"

"Psha! And do you think I cannot keep a gentleman's secret as well as you?"

"What is the good of any secret, Laura, when we have been already so open? He tried his 'prentice hand on you; and then he came to me. Let us watch him, and see who'll be the third. I too like him well enough to hope that he'll land himself safely at last."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MOUSETRAP.

PHINEAS had certainly no desire to make love by an ambassador,—at second-hand. He had given no commission to Lady Laura, and was, as the reader is aware, quite ignorant of what was being done and said on his behalf. He had asked no more from Lady Laura than an opportunity of speaking for himself, and that he had asked almost with a conviction that by so asking he would turn his friend into an enemy. He had read but little of the workings of Lady Laura's heart towards himself, and had no idea of the assistance she was anxious to give him. She had never told him that she was willing to sacrifice her brother on his behalf, and, of course, had not told him that she was willing also to sacrifice herself. Nor, when she wrote to him one June morning and told him that Violet would be found in Portman Square, alone, that afternoon,—naming an hour, and explaining that Miss Effingham would be there to meet herself and her father; but that at such an hour she would be certainly alone,—did he even then know how much she was prepared to do for him. The short note was signed "L.," and then there came a long postscript. "Ask for me," she said in a postscript. "I shall be there later, and I have told them to bid you wait. I can give you no hope of success, but if you choose to try,—you can do so. If you do not come, I shall

know that you have changed your mind. I shall not think the worse of you, and your secret will be safe with me. I do that which you have asked me to do,—simply because you have asked it. Burn this at once,—because I ask it." Phineas destroyed the note, tearing it into atoms, the moment that he had read it and re-read it. Of course he would go to Portman Square at the hour named. Of course he would take his chance. He was not buoyed up by much of hope;—but even though there were no hope, he would take his chance.

When Lord Brentford had first told Phineas of his promotion, he had also asked the new Lord of the Treasury to make a certain communication on his behalf to his son. This Phineas had found himself obliged to promise to do;—and he had done it. The letter had been difficult enough to write,—but he had written it. After having made the promise, he had found himself bound to keep it.

"Dear Lord Chiltern," he had commenced, "I will not think that there was anything in our late encounter to prevent my so addressing you. I now write at the instance of your father, who has heard nothing of our little affair." Then he explained at length Lord Brentford's wishes as he understood them. "Pray come home," he said, finishing his letter. "Touching V. E., I feel that I am bound to tell you that I still mean to try my fortune, but that I have no ground for hoping that my fortune will be good. Since the day on the sands, I have never met her but in society. I know you will be glad to hear that my wound was nothing; and I think you will be glad to hear that I have got my foot on to the ladder of promotion.—Yours always,

PHINEAS FINN."

Now he had to try his fortune,—that fortune of which he had told Lord Chiltern that he had no reason for hoping that it would be good. He went direct from his office at the Treasury to Portman Square, resolving that he would take no trouble as to his dress, simply washing his hands and brushing his hair as though he were going down to the House, and he knocked at the Earl's door exactly at the hour named by Lady Laura.

"Miss Effingham," he said, "I am so glad to find you alone."

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I am alone,—a poor unprotected female. But I fear nothing. I have strong reason for believing that Lord Brentford is somewhere about. And Pomfret the butler, who has known me since I was a baby, is a host in himself."

"With such allies you can have nothing to fear," he replied, attempting to carry on her little jest.

"Nor even without them, Mr. Finn. We unprotected females in these days are so self-reliant that our natural protectors fall off from us, finding themselves to be no longer wanted. Now with you,—what can I fear?"

"Nothing,—as I hope."

"There used to be a time, and that not so long ago either, when young gentlemen and ladies were thought to be very dangerous to each other if they were left alone. But propriety is less rampant now, and upon the whole virtue and morals, with discretion and all that kind of thing, have been the gainers. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"All the same,—I don't like to be caught in a trap, Mr. Finn."

"In a trap?"

"Yes;—in a trap. Is there no trap here? If you will say so, I will acknowledge myself to be a dolt, and will beg your pardon."

"I hardly know what you call a trap."

"You were told that I was here?"

He paused a moment before he replied. "Yes, I was told."

"I call that a trap."

"Am I to blame?"

"I don't say that you set it,—but you use it."

"Miss Effingham, of course I have used it. You must know,—I think you must know that I have that to say to you which has made me long for such an opportunity as this."

"And therefore you have called in the assistance of your friend."

"It is true."

"In such matters you should never talk to any one, Mr. Finn. If you cannot fight your own battle, no one can fight it for you."

"Miss Effingham, do you remember our ride at Saulsby?"

"Very well;—as if it were yesterday."

"And do you remember that I asked you a question which you have never answered?"

"I did answer it,—as well as I knew how, so that I might tell you a truth without hurting you."

"It was necessary,—is necessary that I should be hurt sorely, or made perfectly happy. Violet Effingham, I have come to you to ask you to be my wife;—to tell you that I love you, and to ask for your love in return. Whatever may be my fate, the question must be asked, and an answer must be given. I have not hoped that you should tell me that you loved me"—

"For what then have you hoped?"

"For not much, indeed;—but if for anything, then for some chance that you might tell me so hereafter."

"If I loved you, I would tell you so now,—instantly. I give you my word of that."

"Can you never love me?"

"What is a woman to answer to such a question? No;—I believe never. I do not think I shall ever wish you to be my husband. You ask me to be plain, and I must be plain."

"Is it because——?" He paused, hardly knowing what the question was which he proposed to himself to ask.

"It is for no because,—for no cause except that simple one which should make any girl refuse any man whom she did not love. Mr. Finn, I could say pleasant things to you on any other subject than this,—because I like you."

"I know that I have nothing to justify my suit."

"You have everything to justify it;—at least I am bound to presume that you have. If you love me,—you are justified."

"You know that I love you."

"I am sorry that it should ever have been so,—very sorry. I can only hope that I have not been in fault."

"Will you try to love me?"

"No;—why should I try? If any trying were necessary, I would try rather not to love you. Why should I try to do that which would displease everybody belonging to me? For yourself, I admit your right to address me,—and tell you frankly that it would not be in vain, if I loved you. But I tell you as frankly that such a marriage would not please those whom I am bound to try to please."

He paused a moment before he spoke further. "I shall wait," he said, "and come again."

"What am I to say to that? Do not tease me, so that I be driven to treat you with lack of courtesy. Lady Laura is so much attached to you, and Mr. Kennedy, and Lord Brentford,—and indeed I may say, I myself also, that I trust there may be nothing to mar our good fellowship. Come, Mr. Finn,—say that you will take an answer, and I will give you my hand."

"Give it me," said he. She gave him her hand, and he put it up to his lips and pressed it. "I will wait and come again," he said. "I will assuredly come again." Then he turned from her and went out of the house. At the corner of the square he saw Lady Laura's carriage, but did not stop to speak to her. And she also saw him.

"So you have had a visitor here," said Lady Laura to Violet.

"Yes;—I have been caught in the trap."

"Poor mouse! And has the cat made a meal of you?"

"I fancy he has, after his fashion. There be cats that eat their mice without playing,—and cats that play with their mice, and then eat them;—and cats again which only play with their mice, and don't care to eat them. Mr. Finn is a cat of the latter kind, and has had his afternoon's diversion."

"You wrong him there."

"I think not, Laura. I do not mean to say that he would not have liked me to accept him. But, if I can see inside his bosom, such a little job as that he has now done will be looked back upon as one of the past pleasures of his life;—not as a pain."

END OF VOL. II.

